THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1862.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 3151.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

USEFUL AND HANDSOME PREMIUM!

To every Two Dollar Subscriber, who pays in advance for 1862, and to every Person who gets up a Club for 1862, will be given, or sent by mail (postage prepaid by us) a Handsome Colored Map of the Slave-Holding States—four feet long by three feet broad!

☞ *Every club subscriber who wishes a copy of this Map, can have it sent to him (postage prepaid) by forwarding Fifty Cents in addition to the club rate.*

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,	$2,00
" " two years,	3,00
" " four "	5,00
Two copies, one year,	3,00
Four " "	5,00
Eight " "	10,00
Ten " "	12,00
Twenty " "	20,00

We send a copy Gratis *to every person who sends a club of* Eight, Ten *or* Twenty *subscribers.* This is in addition to the Map Premium, which we send to the getter-up of *every* Club.

For $3 we send Arthur's Home Magazine and The Post, one year each.

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having sent a Club, may add other names at any time during the year.

The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty-six cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the United States postage on their papers.

Remittances may be made in notes of any solvent Bank, but we *prefer* U. S. Treasury Notes or Pennsylvania or other Eastern money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and *one* or *three* cent postage stamps, are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) payable to our order.

DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

MY CHILD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The good-night prayer at length is said,
And closely cradled in her bed
My little daughter lies;
The dimpled hands above her breast
Are folded in their quiet rest,
And closed the deep blue eyes.

How restless through the livelong day
Those little feet have plied their way,
Those little hands have played;
With book, or toy, or simple game,
With throbbing heart and busy brain
Each golden hour was weighed.

But night, sweet night for soft repose!—
When daylight fades and curtains close,
My darling slumbers well;
Oh! angels, from your radiant sphere,
Look gently on my treasure here,
And guard my Ida Belle!

Sole blossom of a heart that lives
To break each wind that rudely gives
Its chill by night or day,
Oh! lend thine influence pure and sweet,
And wind the sunshine round her feet
Wherever she may stray!

And thou, oh, Time! keep gentlest guard;
Be not thy prints too cold or hard
For fairest flowers to bloom—
But if, perchance, the thorns will spring,
And sorrow follow on the wing,
Let Love dispel the gloom.

While Truth and Goodness hand and hand
Fall many a shadow countermand,
And Hope glows bright before,
Let Faith then guide thee to the gate,
Where angels in their glory wait
To open wide the door!

CORINNE.

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, MARYLAND---BURNSIDE'S DIVISION CARRYING THE BRIDGE OVER THE ANTIETAM CREEK, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17.

The above, engraved expresaly for The Post from "Frank Leslie's Paper," represents Burnside's division carrying the stone bridge over Antietam Creek, and storming the rebel position in front of the left wing of our army.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "The Channings," "East Lynne," "The Earl's Heirs," "A Life's Secret," Etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

LIONEL'S PRAYER FOR FORGIVENESS.

Lady Verner, like many more of us, found that misfortunes do not come singly.—Coeval almost with that great misfortune, Lionel's marriage—at any rate, coeval with his return to Verner's Pride with his bride—another vexation befel Lady Verner. Had Lady Verner found real misfortunes to contend with, it is hard to say how she would have borne them. Perhaps Lionel's marriage to Sibylla was a real misfortune; but this second vexation assuredly was not: at any rate, to Lady Verner.

Some women—and Lady Verner was one—are fond of scheming and planning. Whether it be the laying out of a flower-bed, or the laying out of a marriage, they must plan and project. Disappointment with regard to her own daughter—for Decima most unqualifyingly disclaimed any match-making on her own score, Lady Verner had turned her hopes in this respect on Lucy Tempest. She deemed that she should be ill-fulfilling the responsibilities of her guardianship, unless when Colonel Tempest returned to England, she could present Lucy to him, a wife: or, at least, engaged to be one. Many a time now did she unavailingly wish that Lionel had chosen Lucy, instead of her whom he had chosen. Although—and mark how we estimate things by comparison! when, in the old days, Lady Verner had fancied Lionel was growing to like Lucy, she had told him emphatically it "would not do." Why would it not do? Because, in the estimation of Lady Verner, Lucy Tempest was less desirable in a social point of view than the Earl of Elmsley's daughter, and upon the latter lady had been fixed her hopes for Lionel.

All that was past and gone. Lady Verner had seen the fallacy of sublunary hopes and projects. Lady Mary Elmsley was rejected—Lionel had married in direct defiance of everybody's advice—and Lucy was open to offers, as Lady Verner supposed; but she was destined to find herself unpleasantly disappointed.

One came forward with an offer to her.—And that was no other than the Earl of Elmsley's son, Viscount Garle. A pleasant man, of eight-and-twenty years; and he was often at Lady Verner's. He had been intimate there a long while, going in and out as unceremoniously as did Lionel or Jan. Lady Verner and Decima could tell a tale that no one else suspected. How, in the years gone by—some four or five years ago now—he had grown to love Decima with his whole heart; and Decima had rejected him. In spite of his sincere love; of the advantages of the match; of the angry indignation of Lady Verner, Decima had steadfastly rejected him. For some time Lord Garle would not take the rejection: but one day, when my lady was out, Decima spoke with him privately for five minutes, and from that hour Lord Garle had known there was no hope; had been content to begin, there and then, and strive to love her only as a sister. The little episode was never known: Decima and Lady Verner had kept counsel, and Lord Garle had not told tales of himself. Next to Lionel, Lady Verner had liked Lord Garle better than any one—ten times better than she liked unvarnished Jan; and he was allowed the run of the house as though he had been its son. The first year of Lucy's arrival—the year of Lionel's illness, Lord Garle had been away from the neighborhood; but somewhere about the time of Sibylla's return, he had come back to it. Seeing a great deal of Lucy, as he necessarily did, being so much at Lady Verner's, he grew to esteem and love her. Not with the same love he had borne for Decima—a love, like that, never comes twice in a lifetime—but with a love sufficiently warm, notwithstanding. And he asked her to become his wife.

There was triumph for Lady Verner!—Next to Decima—and all hope of that was dead forever—she would like Lord Garle to marry Lucy. A real triumph, the presenting her to Colonel Tempest on his return, my Lady Viscountess Garle! In the delight of her heart she betrayed something of this to Lucy.

"But I am not going to marry him, Lady Verner," objected Lucy.

"You are going to marry him, Lucy. He confided to me the fact of his intention this morning before he spoke to you. He has spoken to you, has he not?"

"Yes," replied Lucy. "But I cannot accept him."

"You—cannot! What are you talking of?" cried Lady Verner.

"Please not to be angry, Lady Verner! I could not marry Lord Garle."

Lady Verner's lips grew pale.

"And pray why can you not?" she demanded.

"I—don't like him," stammered Lucy.

"Not like him!" repeated Lady Verner.—"Why, what can there be about Lord Garle that you young ladies do not like?" she wondered; her thoughts cast back to the former rejection by Decima. "He is good-looking, he is sensible; there's not so attactive a man in all the county, Lionel Verner excepted."

Lucy face turned to a fiery glow.

"Had I known he was going to ask me, I would have requested him not to do so beforehand, as my refusal has displeased you," she simply said. "I am sorry you should be vexed with me, Lady Verner."

"It appears to me that nothing but vexation is to be the portion of my life!" uttered Lady Verner. "Thwarted—thwarted always!—on all sides. First from one, then the other—nothing but crosses and vexations! What did you say to Lord Garle?"

"I told Lord Garle that I could not marry him; that I should never like him well enough—for he said, if I did not care for him now, I might, later. But I told him no; it was impossible. I like him very well as a friend, but that's all."

"*Why* don't you like him?" repeated Lady Verner.

"I don't know," whispered Lucy, standing before Lady Verner like a culprit, her eyes cast down, and her eyelashes resting on her hot, crimsoned face.

"Do you *both* mean to make yourselves into old maids, you and Decima?" reiterated the angry Lady Verner. "A pretty pair of you I shall have on my hands! I never was so annoyed in my life."

Lucy burst into tears.

"I wish I could go to papa in India!" she said.

"Do you know what you have rejected?" asked Lady Verner. "You would have been a peeress of England. His father won't live forever."

"But I should not care to be a peeress," sobbed Lucy. "And I don't like him."

"Mamma, please do not say any more," pleaded Decima. "Lucy is not to blame—If she does not like Lord Garle she could not accept him."

"Of course she is not to blame—according to you, Miss Verner! You were not to blame, were you, when you rejected—some one we know of? Not the least doubt that you will take her part! Young Bitterworth wished to have proposed to you: you sent him away—as you send all. And refuse to tell me your motive! Very dutiful you are, Decima!"

Decima turned away her pale face. She began to think Lucy would do better without her advocacy than with it.

"I cannot allow it to end thus," resumed Lady Verner to Lucy. "You must reconsider your determination, and recall Lord Garle."

The words frightened Lucy.

"I never can—I never can, Lady Verner!" she cried. "Please not to press it; it is of no use."

"I must press it," replied Lady Verner. "I cannot allow you to throw away your future prospects in this childish manner.—How should I answer for it to Colonel Tempest?"

She swept out of the room as she concluded, and Lucy, in an uncontrollable fit of emotion, threw herself on the bosom of Decima, and sobbed there. Decima hushed her to her soothingly, stroking her hair from her forehead with a fond gesture.

"What is it that has grieved you lately, Lucy?" she gently asked. "I am sure you have been grieving. I have watched you. Gay as you appear to have been, it is a false gayety, seen only by fits and starts."

Lucy moved her face from the view of Decima.

"Oh, Decima! if I could but go back to papa!" was all she murmured. "If I could but go away, and be with papa!"

This little episode had taken place the day that Lionel Verner and his wife returned. On the following morning Lady Verner renewed the contest with Lucy. And they were deep in it—at least my Lady was, for Lucy's chief part was only a deprecatory silence, when Lionel arrived at Deerham Court, to pay that visit to his mother which you have heard of.

"I insist upon it, Lucy, that you recall your unqualified denial," said Lady Verner. "If you will not accept Lord Garle off hand, at any rate take time for consideration. I will inform Lord Garle that you do it by my wish."

"I cannot," replied Lucy, in a firm, almost a vehement tone. "I—you must not be angry with me, Lady Verner—indeed, I beg your pardon for saying it—but I will not."

"How dare you, Lucy?"

Her ladyship stopped at the sudden opening of the door, turning angrily to see what caused the interruption. Her servant appeared.

"Mr. Verner, my lady."

How handsome he looked as he came forward! Tall, noble, commanding. Never more so; never so much so in Lucy's sight. Poor Lucy's heart was in her mouth, as the saying runs, and her pulses quickened to a pang. She did not know of his return.

He bent to kiss his mother. He turned and shook hands with Lucy. He looked gay, animated, happy. A joyous bridegroom, beyond doubt.

"So you have reached home, Lionel," said Lady Verner.

"At ten last night. How well you are looking, mother mine!"

"I am flushed just now," was the reply of Lady Verner, her accent a somewhat sharp one from the remembrance of the vexation which had given her the flush.

"How is Paris looking? Have you enjoyed yourself?"

Paris is looking hot and dusty, and we have enjoyed ourselves much," replied Lionel. He answered in the plural, you observe; my lady had put the question in the singular. "Where is Decima?"

"Decima is sure to be at some work or other for Jan," was the answer, the asperity of Lady Verner's tone not decreasing. "He turns the house nearly upside down with his wants. Now a pan of broth must be made for some wretched old creature; now a jug of beef tea; now a bran poultice must be got; now some linen cut up for bandages. Jan's excuse is that he can't get anything done at Dr. West's. If he is doctor to the parish, he need not be purveyor; but you may just as well speak to a poet as speak to Jan. What do you suppose he did the other day? Those improvident Kellys had their one roomful of things taken from them by their landlord. Jan went there—the woman's ill with a bad breast, or something—and found her lying on the bare boards; nothing to cover her, not a saucepan left to boil a drop of water. Off he comes here at the pace of a steam-engine, got an old blanket and pillow from Catharine, and a tea-kettle from the kitchen. Now, Lionel, would you believe what I am going to tell you? No! No one would. He made the pillow and blanket into a bundle, and walked off with it under his arm; the kettle—never so much as a piece of paper wrapped round it—in his other hand! I felt ready to faint with shame when I saw him crossing the road opposite, that spectacle, to get to Clay Lane, the kettle held out a yard before him to keep the black off his clothes. He never could have been meant to be your brother and my son!"

Lucy laughed at the recollection. She had had the pleasure of beholding the spectacle. Lionel laughed now at the description. Their mirth did not please Lady Verner. She was serious in her complaint.

"Lionel, you would not have liked it yourself. Fancy his turning out of Verner's Pride in that guise, and encountering visitors! I don't know how it is, but there's some deficiency in Jan; something wanting. You know he generally chooses to come here by the back door; this day, because he had got the black kettle in his hand like a travelling tinker, he must go out by the front. He did! It saved him a few steps, and he went out without a blush. Out of my house, Lionel! Nobody ever lived, I am certain, who possessed so little innate notion of the decencies of life as Jan. Had he met a carriage full of visitors in the courtyard, he would have swung the kettle back on his arm, and gone up to shake hands with them. I had the nightmare that night, Lionel. I dreamt a tall giant was pursuing me, seeking to throw some great machine at me, made of tea-kettles."

"Jan is an odd fellow," assented Lionel.

"The worst is, you can't bring him to see himself, what is proper or improper," resumed Lady Verner. "He has no sense of the fitness of things. He would go as unblushingly through the village with that black kettle held out before him, as he would if it were her Majesty's crown, borne on a velvet cushion."

"I am not sure but the crown would embarrass Jan more than the kettle," said Lionel, laughing still.

"Oh, I dare say; it would be just like him. Have you heard of the disgraceful flitting away of some of the inhabitants here to go after the Mormons?" added my lady.

"Jan has been telling me of it. What with one thing and another, Deerham will rise into notoriety. Nancy has gone from Verner's Pride."

"Poor deluded woman!" ejaculated Lady Verner. "There's a story told in the village about that Peckaby's wife—Decima can tell it best, though. I wonder where she is?"

Lucy rose.

"I will go and find her, Lady Verner."

No sooner had she quitted the room, than Lady Verner turned to Lionel, her manner changing. She began to speak rapidly, with some emotion.

"You observed that I looked well, Lionel. I told you I was flushed. The flush was caused by vexation, by anger. Not a week passes but something or other occurs to annoy me. I shall be worried into my grave."

"What has happened?" inquired Lionel.

"It is about Lucy Tempest. Here she is, upon my hands, and of course I am responsible. She has no mother, and I am responsible to Colonel Tempest and to my own conscience for her welfare. She will soon be twenty years of age—though I am sure nobody would believe it, to look at her—and it is time that her settlement in life should, at all events, be thought of. But now, look how things turn out! Lord Garle—than whom a better *parti* could not be wished—has fallen in love with her. He made her an offer yesterday, and she won't have him."

"Indeed!" replied Lionel, constrained to say something, but wishing Lady Verner would entertain him with any other topic.

"We had quite a scene here yesterday. Indeed, it has been renewed this morning, and your coming in interrupted it. I tell her that she must have him; at any rate, must take time to consider the advantages of the offer. She obstinately protests that she will not. I cannot think what can be her motive for rejection; almost any girl in the county would jump at Lord Garle."

"I suppose so," returned Lionel, pulling at a hole in his glove.

"I must get you to speak to her, Lionel. Ask her why she declines. Show her—"

"I speak to her!" interrupted Lionel, in a startled tone. "I cannot speak to her about it, mother. It is no business of mine."

"Good heavens, Lionel! are *you* going to turn disobedient? And in so trifling a matter as this!—trifling so far as you are concerned. Were it of vital importance to you, you might run counter to me; it is only what I should expect."

This was a stab at his marriage. Lionel replied by declaiming any influence over Miss Tempest.

"Where your arguments have failed, mine would not be likely to succeed."

"There you are mistaken, Lionel. I am certain that you hold a very great influence over Lucy. I observed it first when you were ill, when she and Decima were so much with you. She has betrayed it in a hundred little ways; her opinions are formed upon yours; your tastes unconsciously bias hers. It is only natural. She has no brother, and no doubt has learnt to regard you as one."

Lionel hoped in his inmost heart that she did regard him only as a brother. Lady Verner continued:

"A word from you may have great effect upon her; and I desire, Lionel, that you will, in your duty to me, undertake that word. Point out to her the advantages of the match; tell her that you speak to her as her father; urge her to accept Lord Garle; or, as I say, not to summarily reject him without consideration, upon the childish plea that she 'does not like him.' She was terribly agitated last night; nearly went into hysterics, Decima tells me, after I left her; all her burthen being that she wished she could go away to India."

"Mother—you know how pleased I should be to obey any wish of yours; but this is really not a proper business for me to interfere with," urged Lionel, a red spot upon his cheek.

"Why is it not?" pointedly asked Lady Verner, looking hard at him and waiting for an answer.

"I do not deem it to be so. Neither would Lucy consider my interference justifiable."

"But, Lionel, you take up wrong notions! I wish you to speak in my place, just as if you were her father; in short, acting for her father. As to what Lucy may consider, or not consider in the matter, that is of very little consequence. Lucy is so perfectly unsophisticated, so simple in her ideas, that were I to desire my maid Therese to give her a lecture, she would receive it as something proper."

"I should be most unwilling to—"

"Hold your tongue, Lionel. You must do it. Here she is."

"I could not find Decima, Lady Verner," said Lucy, entering. "When I had been all over the house for her, Catherine told me Miss Decima had gone out. She has gone to Clay Lane on some errand for Jan."

"Oh, of course for Jan!" resentfully spoke Lady Verner. "Nothing else, I should think, would take her to Clay Lane. You see, Lionel!"

"There's nothing in Clay Lane that will hurt Decima, mother."

Lady Verner made no reply. She walked to the door, and stood with the handle in her hand, turning round to speak.

"Lucy, I have been acquainting Lionel with this affair between you and Lord Garle. I have requested him to speak to you upon the point; to ascertain your precise grounds of objection, and—so far as he can—to do away with them. Try your best, Lionel."

She quitted the room, leaving them standing opposite each other. Standing like two statues. Lionel's heart smote him. She looked so innocent, so good, in her delicate morning dress, with its grey ribbons and its white lace on the sleeves, open to the small fair arms. Simple as the dress was, it looked, in its exquisite taste, worth ten of Sibylla's elaborate French costumes. Her cheeks were glowing, her hands were trembling, as she stood there in her self-consciousness.

Terribly self-conscious was Lionel. He strove to say something, but in his embarrassment could not get out a single word. The conviction of the grievous fact, that she loved him, went right to his heart in that moment, and seated itself there. Another grievous fact came home to him; that she was more to him than the whole world. However he had pushed the suspicion away from his mind, refused to dwell on it, kept it down, it was all too plain to him now. He had made Sibylla his wife: and he stood there, feeling that he loved Lucy above all created things.

He crossed over to her, and laid his hand fondly and gently on her head, as he moved to the door. "May God forgive me, Lucy!" broke from his white and trembling lips. "My own punishment is heavier than yours.'

There was no need of further explanation on either side. Each knew that the love of the other was theirs, the punishment keenly bitter, as surely as if a hundred words had told it. Lucy sat down as the door closed behind him, and wondered how she should get through the long dreary life before her.

And Lionel? Lionel went out by Jan's favorite way, the back, and plunged into a dark lane where neither ear nor eye was on him. He uncovered his head, he threw back his coat, he lifted his breath to catch only a gasp of air. The sense of dishonor was stifling him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

STIFLED WITH DISHONOR.

Lionel Verner was just in that frame of mind which struggles to be carried out of itself. No matter whether by pleasure or pain, so that it be not that particular pain from which it would fain escape, the mind seeks yearningly to forget itself, to be lifted out anywhere, or by any means, from its trouble. Conscience was doing heavy work with Lionel. He had destroyed his own happiness: that was nothing; he could battle it out, and nobody be the wiser or the worse, save himself: but he had blighted Lucy's. *There* was the sting that tortured him. A man of sensitively refined organization, keenly alive to the feelings of others—full of repentant consciousness when wrong was worked through him, he would have given his whole future life, and all its benefits, to undo the work of the last few months. Either that he had never met Lucy, or that he had not married Sibylla. *Which* of those two events he would have preferred to recall, he did not trust himself to think: whatever may have been his faults, he had, until now, believed himself to be a man of honor. It was too late. Give what he would, strive as he would, repent as he would, the ill could neither be undone nor mitigated: it was one of those unhappy things for which there is no redress; they must be borne as they best can, in patience and silence.

With these thoughts and feelings full upon him, little wonder was there that Lionel Verner, some two hours after quitting Lucy, should turn into Peckaby's shop. Mrs. Peckaby was seated back from the open door, crying and moaning, and swaying herself about, apparently in terrible pain, physical or mental. Lionel remembered the story of the white donkey, and he stepped in to question her: anything for a minute's divertisement; anything to drown the care that was racking him. There was a subject on which he wished to speak to Roy, and that took him down Clay Lane.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Peckaby?"

Mrs. Peckaby rose from her chair, curtsied, and sat down again. But for the state of tribulation she was in, she would have remained standing.

"Oh, sir, I have just had a upset!" she sobbed. "I see the white tail of a pony a-going by, and I thought it might be some 'at else. It did give me a turn!"

"What did you think it might be?"

"I thought it might be the tail of a different sort of animal. I be a-going a far journey, sir, and I thought it was, may be, the quadruple come to fetch me. I'm a-going to New Jerusalem on a white donkey."

"So I hear," said Lionel, suppressing a smile, in spite of his heavy heart. "Do you go all the way on the white donkey, Mrs. Peckaby?"

"Sir, that's a matter that's hid from me," answered Mrs. Peckaby. "The gentleman that was sent back to me by Brother Jarrum, hadn't had particulars revealed to him.—There's difficulties in the way of a animal on four legs, which can't swim, doing it all, that I don't pertend to explain away. I'm content, when the hour comes, sir, to start, and trust. Peckaby, he's awful sinful, sir. Only last evening, when I was saying the quadruple might have miraculous parts give to it, like Balum's had in the Bible, Peckaby he jeered, and said he'd like to see Balum's, or any other quadruple, set off to swim to America—that he'd find the bottom afore he found the land. I wonder the kitchen-ceiling don't drop down upon his head! For myself, sir, I'm rejoiced to trust, as I says; and as soon as the white donkey do come, I shall mount him without fear."

"What do you expect to find at New Jerusalem?" asked Lionel.

"I could sooner tell you, sir, what I don't expect: it 'ud take up less time. There's a'most everything good at New Jerusalem that the world contains—Verner's Pride's a poor place to it, sir—saving your presence for saying so. I could have sat and listened to Brother Jarrum in this here shop for ever, sir, if it hadn't been that the longing was upon me to get there. In this part o' the world we women be poor cast down half famished miserable slaves; but in New Jerusalem we are the wives of saints, well cared for, and clothed and fed, happy as the day's long, and our own parlors to ourselves, and nobody to interrupt us. Yes, Peckaby, I'm a telling his honor, Mr. Verner, what's awaiting for me at New Jerusalem! And the sooner I'm on my road to it, the better."

The conclusion was addressed to Peckaby himself. Peckaby had just come in from the forge, grimed and dirty. He touched his hair to Lionel, an amused expression playing on his face. In point of fact, this New Jerusalem vision was affording the utmost merriment to Peckaby and a few more husbands. Peckaby had come home to his tea, which meal it was the custom of Deerham to enjoy about three o'clock. He saw no signs of its being in readiness; and, but for the presence of Mr. Verner, might probably have expressed his opinion openly upon the point. Peckaby, of late, appeared to have changed his nature and disposition. From being a timid man, living under wife-thraldom, he had come to exercise thraldom over her. How far Mrs. Peckaby's state of low spirits, into which she was generally sunk, may have explained this, nobody knew.

"I have had a turn, Peckaby. I caught sight of a white tail a-going by, and I thought it might be the quadruple a-coming for me. I was shook, I can tell you. 'Twas more nor a hour ago, and I've been able to do nothing since, but sit here and weep: I couldn't red up after that."

"Warn't it the quadrepld?" asked Peckaby, in a mocking tone.

"No, it weren't," she moaned. "It were nothing but that white pony of Farmer Blow's."

"Him was it," said Peckaby, with affected scorn. "He is in the forge now, he is; a having his shoes changed and his tail trimmed."

"I'd give a shilling to anybody as 'ud cut his tail off!" angrily rejoined Mrs. Peckaby. "A deceiving of me, and turning my inside all of a quake! Oh, I wish it 'ud come! The white donkey as is to bear me to New Jerusalem!"

"Don't you wish her joy of her journey, sir!" cried the man, respectfully, a twinkle in his eye, while she rocked herself to and fro. "She have got a bran new gownd laid up in a old apron upstairs, ready for the start. She, and a lot more to help her, set on and made it in a afternoon, for fear the white donkey should arrive immediate. I asks her, sir, how much back the gownd 'll have left in him, by the time she have rode from here to New Jerusalem."

"Peckaby, you are a mocker!" interposed his lady, greatly exasperated. "Remember the forty-two as was eat up by bears when they mocked at Elisher!"

"Mrs. Peckaby," said Lionel, keeping his countenance, "don't you think you would have made more sure of the benefits of the New Jerusalem, had you started with the rest, instead of depending upon the arrival of the white donkey?"

"They started without her, sir," cried the man, laughing from ear to ear. "They give her the slip, while she were abed and asleep."

"It were revealed to Brother Jarrum so to do, sir," she cried, eagerly. "Don't listen to *him*. Brother Jarrum as much meant me to go, sir, and I as much thought to go, as I mean to go to my bed this night—always supposing the white donkey don't come," she broke off in a different voice.

"Why did you not go then?" demanded Lionel.

"I'll tell you about it, sir. Me and Brother Jarrum was on the best of terms—which it's a real gentleman he was, and never said a word nor gave a look as could offend me. I didn't know the night fixed for the start; and Brother Jarrum didn't know it; in spite of Peckaby's insinuations. On that last night, which it was Tuesday, not a soul came near the place but that pale lady where Dr. West attended. She stopped a minute or two, and then Brother Jarrum goes out, and says he might be away all the evening. Well, he was; but he came in again, I can be upon my oath he did, and I give him his candle and wished him a good night. After that, sir, I never heard nothing till I got up in the morning. The first thing I see was his door wide open, and the bed not slept in. And the next thing I heard was, that the start had took place; they a walking to Heartburg, and taking the train there. You might just have knocked me down with a puff of wind."

"Such a howling and screeching followed on, sir," put in Peckaby. "I were at the forge, and it reached all the way to our ears, over there. Chuff, he thought as the place had took fire, and the missis was a burning."

"But it didn't last; it didn't last," repeated Mrs. Peckaby. "Thanks be offered up for it, it didn't last, or I should ha' been in my coffin afore the day were out! A gentleman came to me; a Brother he were, sent express by Brother Jarrum, and had walked afoot all the way from Heartburg. It had been revealed to Brother Jarrum, he said, that they were to start that partic'lar night, and that I was to be left behind special. A higher mission was—what was the word? resigned?—no—reserved—reserved for me, and I was to be conveyed special on a quadruple, which was a white donkey. I be to keep myself in readiness, sir, always a looking out for the quadruple's coming and stopping afore the door."

Lionel leaned against the counter, and went into a burst of laughter. The woman told it so quaintly, with such perfect good faith in the advent of the white donkey! She did not much like the mirth. As to that infidel Peckaby, he indulged in sundry mocking doubts, which were, to say the least of them, very mortifying to a believer.

"What's your opinion, sir?" she suddenly asked of Lionel.

"Well," said Lionel, "my opinion—as you wish for it—would incline to the suspicion that your friend, Brother Jarrum, deceived you. That he invented the fable of the white donkey to keep you quiet while he and the rest got clear off."

Mrs. Peckaby went into a storm of shrieking sobs.

"It couldn't be! it couldn't be! Oh, sir, you be as cruel as the rest. Why should Brother Jarrum take the others, and not take me?"

"That is Brother Jarrum's affair," replied Lionel. "I only say it looks like it."

"I telled Brother Jarrum, the very day afore the start took place, that if he took off *my* wife, I'd follor him on and beat every bone to smash as he'd got in his body," interposed Peckaby, glancing at Lionel with a knowing smile. "I did, sir. Her was out"—jerking his black thumb at his wife—"and I caught Brother Jarrum in his own room and shut the door on us both, and there I telled him. He knew I meant it, too; and he didn't like the look of a iron bar I happened to have in my hand; I saw that. Other wives' husbands might do as they liked—but I warn't a going to have mine deluded off by them Latter Day Saints. Were I wrong, sir?"

"I do not think you were," answered Lionel.

"I'd Latter Day 'em! and saint 'em, too, if I had my will!" continued wrathful Peckaby. "Arch-deceiving villuns!"

"Well, good-day, Mrs. Peckaby," said Lionel, moving to the door. "I would not spend too much time, were I you, looking out for the white donkey."

"It'll come! it'll come!" retorted Mrs. Peckaby in an ecstasy of joy, removing her hands from her ears, where she had clapped them during Peckaby's heretical speech. "I am proud, sir, to know as it'll come, in spite of opinions contrairey and Peckaby's wickedness; and I'm proud to be always a looking out for it."

"This is never it, is it, drawing up to the door now?" cried Lionel, with gravity.

Something undoubtedly was curvetting and prancing before the door; something with a flowing white tail. Mrs. Peckaby caught one glimpse, and bounded from her seat, her chest panting, her nostrils working. The signs betrayed how implicit was the woman's belief; how entirely it had taken hold of her.

Alas for Mrs. Peckaby! alas for her disappointment! It was nothing but that deceiving animal again, Farmer Blow's white pony. Apparently the pony had been so comfortable in the forge, that he did not care to leave it. He was dodging about and backing, wholly refusing to go forward, and setting at defiance a boy who was striving to lead him onwards. Mrs. Peckaby sat down, and burst into tears.

"Now, then," began Peckaby, as Lionel departed, "what's the reason my tea ain't ready for me?"

"Be you a man to ask?" demanded she. "Could I red up, and put on kettles, and see to ord'nary work, with my inside a turning?"

Peckaby paused for a minute.

"I've a good mind to wallop you!"

"Try it," she aggravatingly answered. "You have not kep' your hands off me yet, to be let begin now. Anybody but a brute 'ud comfort a poor woman in her distress. You'll be sorry for it when I'm gone off to New Jerusalem."

"Now look here, Suke," said he, attempting to reason with her. "It's quite time as you left off this folly; we've had enough on't. What do you suppose you'd do at Salt Lake? What sort of a life 'ud you lead?"

"A joyful life!" she responded, turning her glance sky-ward. "Brother Jarrum thinks as the head saint, the prophet hisself, has a favor to me! Wives is as happy there as the day's long."

Peckaby grinned; the reply amused him much.

"You poor, ignorant creatur," cried he, "you have got your head up in a madhouse; and that's about it. You know Mary Green?"

"Well?" answered she, looking surprised at this divertisement.

"And you know Nancy from Verner's Pride, as is gone off," he continued, "and you can just set on and think of half-a-dozen more nice young girls about here. How 'ud you like to see me marry the whole of 'em, and bring 'em home here? Would the house hold the tantrums you'd go into, d'ye think?"

"You hold your senseless tongue, Peckaby! A man 'ud better try and bring home more nor one wife here! The law 'ud be on to him."

"In course it would," returned Peckaby. "And the law knowed what it was about when it made itself into the law. A place with more nor one wife in it, 'ud be compairable to nothing but that blazing place you've heerd on as is under our feet, or the Salt Lake City."

"For shame, you wicked man."

"There ain't no shame in saying that; it's truth," composedly answered Peckaby. "Brother Jarrum said, didn't he, as the wives had a parlor a-piece. Why do they? 'Cause they be obleeged to be kept apart, for fear o' damaging each other, a tearing, and biting, and scratching, and a pulling of eyes out. A nice figure you'd cut among 'em! You'd be a wishing yourself home again afore you'd tried it for a day. Don't you be a fool, Susan Peckaby."

"Don't you!" retorted she. "I wonder you ain't afraid o' some judgment falling on you. Lies is sure to come home to people."

"Just take your thoughts back to the time as we had the shop here, and plenty o' custom in it. One day you saw me just a kissing of a girl in that there corner—leastways you fancied as you saw me," corrected Peckaby, coughing down his slip. "Well, d'ye recollect the scrimmage? Didn't you go a'most mad, never keeping your tongue quiet for a week, and the place hardly holding of ye? How 'ud you like to have eight or ten more of 'em, my married wives like you be, brought in here?"

"You *are* a fool, Peckaby. The cases is different."

"Where's the difference?" asked Peckaby. "The men be men, out there; and the women be women. I might pertend as I'd had visions and revelations sent to me, and dress myself up in a black coat and a white choker, and suchlike paycock's plumes—I might tar and feather myself if I pleased, if it come to that—and give out as I was a prophit and a Latter Day Saint: but where 'ud be the difference, I want to know? I should just be as good and as bad a man as I be now, only a bit more of a hypocrite. Saints and prophits, indeed! You just come to your senses, Susan Peckaby."

"I haven't lost 'em yet," answered she, looking inclined to beat him.

"You have lost 'em: to suppose as a life, out with them reptiles, could be anything but just what I telled you—a hell! It can't be otherways. It's again human female natur. If you went angry mad with jealousy, just at fancying you see a innocent kiss give upon a girl's face, how 'ud you do, I ask, when it come to wives? Tales runs as them 'saints' have got any number a-piece, from four or five, up to seventy. If you don't come to you senses, Mrs. Peckaby, you'll get a walloping to bring you to 'em; and that's about it. You be the laughing stock o' the place as it is."

He swung out at the door and took his way towards the nearest public-house, intending to solace himself with a pint of ale, in lieu of tea, of which he saw no chance. Mrs. Peckaby burst into a flood of tears, and apostrophised the expected white donkey in moving terms, that he would forthwith appear and bear her off from Peckaby and trouble, to the triumphs and delight of New Jerusalem.

Lionel meanwhile went to Roy's dwelling. Roy, he found, was not in it. Mrs. Roy was: and, by the appearance of the laid-out tea-table, she was probably expecting Roy to enter. Mrs. Roy sat, doing nothing: her arms hung listlessly down, her head also; sunk apparently in that sad state of mind—whatever may have been its cause—which was now habitual to her. By the start with which she sprang from her chair, as Lionel Verner appeared at the open door, it may be inferred that she took him for her husband. Surely nobody else could have put her in such a tremor.

"Roy's not in, sir," she said, dropping a curtsey, in answer to Lionel's inquiry.—"May be, he'll not be long. It's his time for coming home, but there's no dependance on him."

Lionel glanced round. He saw that the woman was alone, and he deemed it a good opportunity to ask her about what had been mentioned to him, two or three hours previously, by the Vicar of Deerham. Closing the door, and advancing towards her, he began.

"I want a word with you, Mrs. Roy.—What were your grounds for stating to Mr. Bourne that Mr. Frederick Massingbird was with Rachel Frost at the Willow-pool the evening of her death?"

Mrs. Roy gave a low shriek of terror, and flung her apron over her face. Lionel ungallantly drew it down again. Her countenance was turning livid as death.

"You will have the goodness to answer me, Mrs. Roy."

"It were just a dream, sir," she said, the words issuing in unequal jerks from her trembling lips. "I have been pretty nigh crazed lately. What with them Mormons, and the uncertainty of fixing what to do—whether to believe 'em or not—and Roy's crabbed temper, which grows upon him, and other fears and troubles, I've been a-nigh crazed. It were just a dream as I had, and nothing more; and I be vexed to my heart that I should have made such a fool of myself, as to go and say what I did to Mr. Bourne."

One word, above all others, caught the attention of Lionel in the answer. It was "fears." He bent towards her, lowering his voice.

"What are these fears that seem to pursue you? You appear to me to have been perpetually under the influence of fear since that night. Terrified you were then; terrified you remain. What is its cause?"

The woman trembled excessively.

"Roy keeps me in fear, sir. He's forever a-threatening. He'll shake me, or he'll pinch me, or he'll do for me, he says. I'm in fear of him always."

"That is an evasive answer," remarked Lionel. "Why should you fear to confide in me? You have never known me take an advantage to anybody's injury. The past is past. That unfortunate night's work appears now to belong wholly to the past. Nevertheless if you can throw any light upon it, it is your duty to do so. I will keep the secret."

"I didn't know a thing, sir, about the night's work. I didn't," she sobbed.

"Hush!" said Lionel. "I felt sure at the time that you did know something, had you chosen to speak. I feel more sure of it now."

"No I don't, sir; not if you pulled me in pieces for it. I had a horrid dream, and I went straight off, like a fool, to Mr. Bourne, and told it, and—and—that was all, sir."

She was flinging her apron up again to hide her countenance, when, with a faint cry, she let it fall, sprung from her seat, and stood before Lionel.

"For the love of Heaven, sir, say nothing to *him!*" she uttered, and disappeared within an inner door. The sight of Roy, entering, explained the enigma: she must have seen him from the window. Roy took off his cap by way of salute.

"I hope I see you well, sir, after your journey."

"Quite well. Roy, some papers have been left at Verner's Pride for my inspection, regarding the dispute in Farmer Hartright's lease. I do not understand them. They bear your signature: not Mrs. Verner's. How is that?"

Roy stopped awhile: to collect his thoughts, possibly.

"I suppose I signed it for her, sir."

"Then you did what you had no authority to do. You never received power to sign from Mrs. Verner."

"Mrs. Verner must have given me power, sir, if I *have* signed. I don't recollect signing anything. Sometimes when she was ill, or unwilling to be disturbed, she'd say, 'Roy, do this,' or, 'Roy, do the other.'—She—"

"Mrs. Verner never gave you authority to sign," impressively repeated Lionel. "She is gone, and therefore cannot be referred to; but you know as well as I do, that she never did give you such authority. Come to Verner's Pride to-morrow morning at ten, and see these papers."

Roy signified his obedience, and Lionel departed. He bent his steps towards home, taking the field way: all the bitter experiences of the day rising up within his mind. Ah! try as he would, he could not deceive himself: he could not banish or drown the one ever-present thought. The singular information imparted by Mr. Bourne; the serio-comic tribulation of Mrs. Peckaby, waiting for her white donkey; the mysterious behaviour of Dinah Roy, in which there was undoubtedly more than met the ear; all these could not cover for a moment the one burning fact—Lucy's love, and his own dishonor. In vain Lionel flung off his hat, heedless of any second sun-stroke, and pushed his hair from his heated brow. It was of no use: as he had felt when he went out from the presence of Lucy, so he felt now—*stifled* with dishonor.

Sibylla was at a table, writing notes.—Several were on it, already written, and in their envelopes. She looked up at him.

"Oh, Lionel, what a while you have been out! I thought you were never coming home."

He leaned down and kissed her. Although his conscience had revealed to him, that day, that he loved another better, *she* should never feel the difference. Nay, the very knowledge that it was so, would render him all the more careful to give her marks of love.

"I have been to my mother's, and to one or two more places. What are you so busy over, dear?"

"I am writing invitations," said Sibylla.

"Invitations! Before people have called upon you?"

"They can call all the same. I have been asking Mary Tynn how many beds she can, by dint of screwing, afford. I am going to fill them all. I shall ask them for a month. How grave you look, Lionel!"

"In this first, early sojourn together in our own house, Sibylla, I think we shall be happier alone."

"Oh, no, we should not. *I* love visitors. We shall be together all the same, Lionel."

"My little wife," he said, "if you cared for me as I care for you, you would not feel the want of visitors just now."

And there was no sophistry in this speech. He had come to the conviction that Lucy ought to have been his wife, but he did care for Sibylla very much. The prospect of a house full of guests at the present moment appeared most displeasing to him, if only as a matter of taste.

"Put it off for a few weeks, Sibylla."

Sibylla pouted.

"It is of no use preaching, Lionel. If you are to be a preaching husband, I shall be sorry I married you. *Fred* was never that."

Lionel's face turned blood red. Sibylla put up her hand, and drew it caressingly down.

"You must let me have my own way for this once," she coaxingly said. "Where's the use of my bringing all those loves of things from Paris, if we are to live in a dungeon, and nobody's to see them? I must invite them, Lionel."

"Very well," he answered, yielding the point. Yielding it the more readily from the consciousness above spoken of.

"There's my dear Lionel! I knew you would never turn tyrant. And now I want something else."

"What's that?" asked Lionel.

"A cheque."

"A cheque? I gave you one this morning, Sibylla."

"Oh! but the one you gave me is for housekeeping—for Tynn, and all that. I want one for myself. I am not going to have my expenses come out of the housekeeping."

Lionel sat down to write one, a good-natured smile on his face. "I'm sure I don't know what you will find to spend it in, after all the finery you bought in Paris," he said, in a joking tone. "How much shall I fill it in for?"

"As much as you will," replied Sibylla, too eagerly. "Couldn't you give it me in blank, and let me fill it in?"

He made no answer. He drew it for £100, and gave it her.

"Will that do, my dear?"

She drew his face down again caressingly. But, in spite of the kisses left upon his lips, Lionel had awoke to the conviction, firm and undoubted, that his wife did not love him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, Number 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

ANOTHER INVASION.

The invasion of Pennsylvania by a body of three thousand rebel cavalry, and the capture of Mercersburg and Chambersburg, seems to manifest a want of due watchfulness on the part of the army of the Potomac.

We suppose it has been evident to every one that a crossing of the upper Potomac was a thing naturally to be apprehended, if that region should be left unguarded; but certainly we were not bound to suppose that such an important section as that from Williamsport to Hancock, would be left, as it seems to have been, entirely unprotected.

With a large and victorious army on the upper Potomac, it could not be supposed that the continued presence of the state militia was necessary for the protection of our border—though, if it had been so considered, and advised by the proper military authorities, they would undoubtedly have been kept there.

Without expressing any decided opinion in this stage of the matter and with our present amount of information, we cannot avoid thus manifesting the mortification we naturally feel at this pollution of our soil, in the very face of an army so numerous, brave, and determined. We can only hope now that the rebels may be made to pay dearly for their audacity.

A WORD IN SEASON.

The General Order, number 163, recently issued by Gen McClellan, is a fitting word fitly spoken.

Not especially with reference to the proclamation of emancipation do we commend it, but with reference to that great principle of the subordination of the military to the civil power, which lies at the very foundation of republican government.

Hints have been thrown out by unprincipled men during the course of the last year of the possibility of a military usurpation in these United States. Certain newspaper writers have not scrupled to refer to the examples of Cromwell and Napoleon as something that might possibly be imitated in America—and have even dared to connect the names of McClellan and Fremont with the unholy careers of military usurpers.

Such unprincipled and slanderous writers have now their answer. Gen. McClellan, for one of the two thus maligned, in his recent order, lays the axe to the root of all such corrupt dreamings in the following clear and expressive language:—

The Constitution confides to the civil authorities, legislative, judicial and executive, the power and duty of making, expounding, and executing the Federal laws. *Armed forces are raised and supported simply to sustain the civil authorities, and are to be held in strict subordination thereto in all respects. This fundamental rule of our political system is essential to the security of our Republican institutions, and should be thoroughly understood and observed by every soldier.—The principle upon which, and the objects for which, armies shall be employed in suppressing rebellion, must be determined and declared by the civil authorities; and the Chief Executive, who is charged with the administration of the National affairs, is the proper and only source through which the views and orders of the Government can be made known to the armies of the nation. * * * The remedy for political errors, if any are committed, is to be found only in the action of the people at the polls.*

Now, in the name of all that is sacred and republican, let us hear no more of these dark and vile whispers. We have no General that would attempt to gratify an unholy ambition by the ruin of his country's liberties—we have no army that could be made the tool of an usurper. The grave of Washington blocks up that path. The intelligence of our people would suffer no man to walk in it, and live. Not yet is America so sunk in feebleness and infamy as to welcome the imperial sceptre, and gladly hail the purple robe.

AMUSING.

The New York correspondent of the *London Morning Herald*, in his letter of September 9th to that journal, says:—

"It is a bold undertaking of the rebels to attack Philadelphia, but they know what they are about. If they march on Philadelphia, that city will surrender without firing a gun, notwithstanding all the noise and talk. The Mayor and the principal citizens want the Southern trade. They are jealous of New York, and had rather be captured than not."

The above is news to our citizens. Certainly we have taken a singular mode of displaying our unwillingness to fight, and our carelessness whether we are captured or not. We have raised about 90,000 men, and a million of dollars—not including our regular taxation—for the war; we sent the bravest and best that remained at home, including a large proportion of our "principal citizens," to the state line—and below it—to repel the recent menaced invasion; and yet, according to this London correspondent, we "had rather be captured than not."

If we can do all this when (according to this London authority) we are utterly indifferent about the war, it is a good thing for the rebels that we are not in earnest. If they succeed once in getting our Quaker blood up, there is no telling what we may do. Let them beware. In the words of a celebrated poet, we may exclaim—

Jeff. Davis, Jeff. Davis, beware of the day,
When the Quakers shall meet thee in battle array,
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the hordes of the rebels are scattered in flight.

"THE LAST DITCH."

When the English ambassador, Buckingham, urged the Prince of Orange (afterwards King of England) to consider the inevitable destruction which hung over the United Provinces, unjustly attacked as they were by the combined forces of England and France, the heroic young Prince replied:—"There is one certain means by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin, *I will die in the last ditch.*" As Holland is peculiarly a land of dykes and ditches, we see the naturalness of the Prince's emphatic declaration.

MORE VICTORIES.

According to the latest reports, Grant and Rosecrans at Corinth, and Buell in Kentucky, have won splendid victories over their rebel opponents.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE STARS AND STRIPES OF REBELDOM. A series of papers written by Federal Prisoners (Privates) in Richmond, Tuscaloosa, New Orleans, and Salisbury. With an Appendix. Published by T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston; and for sale by W. P. Hazard, Philada.

HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH THE SECOND, CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In four volumes. Vol. III. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE PATIENCE OF HOPE. By the author of "A Present Heaven." *With an Introduction by John G. Whittier.* Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By G. P. QUACKENBOS, A. M. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

THIRTEEN MONTHS IN THE REBEL ARMY. By an Impressed New Yorker. Published by A. S. Barnes & Burr, New York, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE BOOK OF DAYS Part IV. Price 20 cents. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

FIRST BOOK OF CHEMISTRY. For the Use of Schools and Families. By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M. D. Professor of Medicine in Yale College. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

AFTER DARK. A novel. By WILKIE COLLINS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE YELLOW MASK; or, The Ghost in the Ball Room. By WILKIE COLLINS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE MYSTERY. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "The Earl's Heirs," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for October. For sale by W. B. Zieber & Co., Philadelphia.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW. Edited by EDWARD I. SEARS, A. M. September, 1862. John McFarlan, agent, 33 South Sixth St., Philadelphia.

☞ TO BE REMEMBERED.—Reader, did you know that every column of a newspaper contains from ten to twenty thousand distinct pieces of metal, the misplacing of any one of which would cause a blunder or typographical error? With this curious fact before you, don't you wonder at the general accuracy of newspapers? Knowing this to be the fact, you will be more disposed, we hope, to excuse than magnify errors of the press.

☞ According to a statistical article in the Scientific American, the number of sewing machines annually manufactured in this country is seventy thousand. Twelve or fourteen establishments are engaged in the business.

☞ A ploughman was hung at Warwick, England, recently, for shooting his fellow-servant in the back while bent over the washtub, according to his own confession, because she never would draw him enough beer! He also stated that before committing the crime he "tossed up" whether he should kill the girl or not, and the chance lighting of the instrument he tossed decided the poor girl's fate.

☞ The St. Johnsbury, Vt., Caledonian doubts whether the records of the Asiatic cholera in our large cities will show a greater per cent. of mortality than has the diptheria in that county. There was recorded, week before last, twelve deaths by this disease, eight of them in two families, and four in one family in the space of seventeen days!

☞ A little fellow weeping piteously, was suddenly interrupted by some amusing occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment—the train of thought was broken. "Ma," said he, renewing his snuffle, and wishing to have his cry out, "Ma—ugh! ugh! *what was I crying about just now?*"

☞ In a Scotch paper appears the following curious correction of a reporter's error: "Sir:—In your report of a meeting of the New Monkland Parochial Board in the Advertiser of Saturday last, you represent me to have said, 'We've all along had a very drunken set o' officials.' *Although true, it's not what I said.* I said, 'We've all along had a very drunken set o' paupers in our parish.' I am, sir, your obedient servant, Alex. Montgomery."

It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

☞ Hominy should steep in warm water all night, and boil all next day in an earthen jar, surrounded with water. Spices and peppers should be ground fine, and kept in tin cans in a dry place. A good nutmeg bleeds at the puncture of a pin.

A Woman Eludes the Police Detectives for Two Years—Is Caught at Last.

The New York World of the 10th inst., has the following account of the arrest in that city, of a woman whom the police has been watching for a long time:—

Ellen Wagner, alias McNair, McNabb, Davis, Burns, Smith, and a dozen other aliases, was arrested yesterday by Detective Farley, of this city, and Detective Frost, of Brooklyn. This is one of the most important arrests that have been made in a number of years. The prisoner has been operating in this city and in other cities, including all the fashionable watering places, and several other states. Her method was to answer advertisements in papers where a domestic or housemaid of any kind was required for service. After securing the place, she would remain long enough to discover the locality of the silverware, jewels and other valuables, and would then, with the aid of accomplices "clean the house out." She usually boarded at the most fashionable boarding houses, dressing in elegant style, and acting the lady in all particulars. She is not above twenty years of age, and is very highly accomplished, having, during the six years which she has devoted to crime, paid particular attention to her education. She is an accomplished pianist, and converses readily upon all topics. When arrested at her boarding-house, in Bleeker street, the detectives ascertained that she was in the habit of eating from her own dishes, they being silver, and that she used silver spoons, forks, napkin rings, baskets, &c., all of her own property. Here she passed as the wife of Lieut. Col. Davis, of the Union army. When an advertisement appeared which attracted her attention, she would leave her boarding-house, stating that she would be absent about a week or ten days. She would then don the garb of a domestic and make application for the place, which she usually succeeded in getting. Her appearance was prepossessing and her manners engaging, so much so that she has often been made a companion in respectable and wealthy families. Having succeeded in robbing the house she would return to her boarding-house, and become Mrs. Lieut. Col. Davis in silks and jewels. About $700 worth of the property was recovered.

THROUGH the contributions of the people in the response to the appeal heretofore made, the Medical Department at Washington has been supplied with immense quantities of lint and dressing, and therefore no more are at present required.

THE CITIES OF HOLLAND.

BY A SCOTTISH TOURIST.

There are some features common to all Dutch cities. One, of course, is the cleanliness and order everywhere visible. The streets, with their small red brick pavement, are scrubbed like an indoor floor; and the front of the houses are all subjected to a constant watering from syringe pumps, like those used by our gardeners. The vessels in the canals are equally clean. They are ranged, as if by a theodolite, in straight lines; and what is wanting in elegance or variety of form—for they are all the same in rotundity of build, looking so like drawing lessons—is made up in perfect cleanliness. Every bit of brass is beautifully scoured and polished. The sailors are constantly washing the oars or scrubbing the decks. At the stern may be seen small windows two feet square or so, with their white curtains tied up with ribbon, and probably a few small pots of flowers; and there live the whole family of the worthy master of the *Frow Catherina*. Most people are annoyed by the cleanliness of the Dutch. Scotchmen are always so. They never, at least, praise it, but either express a mere sense of wonder at such a fuss being made about it, deplore the precious time wasted in securing it, or detract from the supposed virtue, giving "no thanks," because of the abundance of water close at hand; I heard a Scotchman say, when treading carefully over a scrubbed street, "Did any one ever see the like of this? I do believe that the heaviest punishment which you could inflict upon these towns would be to shake off the dust from your shoes and leave it with them!" This was pure envy. We must admit that Scotland and Ireland contain the filthiest villages in the world. "But that is the climate." No; look at Holland. Pray, my dear countryman, do not excuse such habits; but whenever you can, lecture your village neighbors on the blessings of water and the beauty of soap, and tell them about the cleanly Dutch.

Now, we must take a peep into the land of the Dutch, or the Ditch, for either term is appropriate. The *Spurweg*, or railroad, wheels you in a single day from Rotterdam, through Delft, Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, to Amsterdam. The grand characteristic of all these towns is "silence which may be heard." No doubt there are exceptions to this rule. In the most silent town the sound of footsteps occasionally breaks upon the ear, and the whisper of human voices disturbs the air; while in some parts of the Hague, and in most parts of Amsterdam, there are decided noises and evident bustle, such as one hears and sees in a quiet London street on Sunday morning; but, generally speaking, the repose is profound. A carriage startles you. When the tread of a horse is heard every head is turned to see what it imports. The question is constantly forced upon the mind, What *can* all the people be about? How do they live? Where are the manufactories, the mines, the anything to produce food and clothing? But the echo answers "Where!" The windmills wheel in the silent air as if their wings were oiled. The barges glide along the calm and sunny canals, and the people appear to be well fed and clothed. The whole nation looks, in fact, like an old, respectable sea captain, who had made his money years ago by trading far away, and who now sat upon his chest of dollars, smoking his pipe and gazing with a stolid face of quiet satisfaction upon all the world, as if saying, "My money is made, and my day is over; I am contented; and please don't trouble me with anything new. It's all right!"

Methinks I hear some well-informed accurate statist correcting me with a frown, and saying, "What! do you not know that the Dutch are the most industrious people in the world? Common sense, as well as more accurate information, might have told you that no nation could exist in such repose as you picture. Have you never seen their immense dykes, their drained lakes, their warehouses filled with the products of their flourishing colonies? Have you never heard of Java, Surinam, or Guiana? Have you never read that most charming book, Motley's *History of the Dutch Republic?*

There is no necessity, astute friend, for any such catechism. My one reply is this, that I do not pretend to tell anything about the country except what meets the eye of a railway traveller.

The paradise of a Dutchman is Broek. This is a village of about 700 inhabitants, an hour's journey or so north of Amsterdam. Cross the ferry in a small steamer, proceed for half-an-hour along the great Helder canal in a *Trekschuit*—a mode of conveyance, by the way, delightfully national in its order and peace—then hire a carriage, for which you must pay what is asked or want it, and proceed leisurely along the banks of the canal for three or four miles, until you reach Broek. The peep one gets from the road across the country gives a perfect idea of Holland, which looks like the flat bottom of a boundless sea, drained or draining off; the cattle in the fields, the scattered villages with their steeples, and tall trees here and there, with storks studying in earnest meditation on the margin of long ditches, all assure you that, in the meantime, the land has got the best of it. Yet it is impossible not to have damp, uneasy feelings, lest by some unnoticed power of evil—an unstopped leakage, dry rot, in a sluice gate, or some mistake or other to which all things mundane are subject—a dyke should burst, and the whole Zuyder Zee pour itself like a deluge over the country, leaving you and your carriage out of sight of land.

Broek is well worth a peep. The only thing I had ever heard about it in history was the high state of its cleanliness, which had gone so far that the tails of the cows were suspended by cords lest they should be soiled by contact with the ground, and afterwards be used to switch the pure and dappled sides of their possessors at any moment when the said possessors were suddenly thrown off their guard by the bite of some unmannerly insect.

I can certify to the reality of this caudal arrangement. It seemed, however, to be more cleanly than comfortable. The most ordinary sympathy with suffering caused an irritation in one's skin, as he saw the tail suddenly checked by the string just when about to descend upon and sweep away a huge fly busy breakfasting about the backbone or shoulder-blade.

A model village preserved in a glass case could not be more free from dust, life, or human interest than this Broek. A small lake with innumerable small canals so interlace the cottages and streets, that it looks as if built upon a series of islands connected by bridges. The streets are all paved to the water's edge with small bricks. Each tree is bricked round to the trunk. Bricks keep down earth, grass, and damp, and are so thoroughly scoured and spotless that it is impossible to walk without an uneasy feeling of leaving a stain from some adhering dust of mother earth. The inhabitants (if there are any) seem to have resigned the town to sight-seekers. I am quite serious when I assure the reader, that three travellers, at eleven o'clock in a fine summer forenoon, watched from a spot near the centre of the village, and did not for at least ten minutes see a living thing except a cat stealing slowly towards a bird, which seemed to share the general repose. You ask, very naturally, What were the inhabitants about? I put the same question at the time in a half-whisper, but there was no one to answer. All experienced, I think, a sort of superstitious awe from the unbroken quiet, so that the striking of the clock made us start. We visited the churchyard (naturally), and found everything arranged with the same regard to order. There are no graves; but rows of small black wooden pegs driven into the ground, rising six inches above the grass, with a number on each, a little larger than those used for marking flowers, indicate the place where the late burghers of this Sleepy Hollow finally repose. I have never seen so prosaic and statistical a graveyard. Contrast with this the unfenced spot in a Highland glen, its green grass mingling with the bracken and heather, and its well-marked mound, beside which the sheep and her lamb recline, except when roused by the weeping mourner! To live in Broek, and be known after death only as a number in its churchyard, would seem to be the perfection of order and the genius of contentment. To be mentioned by widow and children like an old account, a small sum, an item less from the total of the whole—as "our poor 46," or "our dear departed 154!" What an "*in memoriam!*" The intensity of the prose becomes pleasing to the fancy. I am not sure how far it would be inadvisable to send a colony of Irish peasantry and pigs to improve Broek!

☞ A trifling sort of a fellow in one of our neighboring counties, not long since, won the affections of the daughter of a bluff, honest Dutchman of some wealth. On asking the old man for her, he opened with a romantic speech about his being a "poor young man," &c. "Ya, ya," said the old man, "I knows all apout it; but you is a little too poor—you has neider money nor character."

☞ Lake Halloula, in Algeria, covering 4,500 acres, has been drained, and the bottom, which is to be devoted to agriculture, is found to be covered by a deep and immensely-fertile deposit, similar to the Nile mud. Apprehensions were felt that the putrefaction of the vast numbers of fish, left to perish by the drainage of this sheet of water, would breed disease, but immense flocks of vultures swarmed upon the bottom as the water flowed off, and devoured them all.

☞ Orderly Sergeant Henry P. Glenn, of Company A, Sixth Michigan regiment, after being severely wounded in the leg, refused to be carried from the field, telling those who desired to serve him, "You had better look after your fighting and attend to me afterward."

☞ A rebel soldier, who had stolen some chickens that were preparing for the officers' dinner, was confronted with his commanding general to be punished for the crime, who happened to be none other than the famous "Stonewall" Jackson himself. Jackson, to make the effect more striking upon the rude soldier, seized him by the arm; but finding he did not flinch in the least, exclaimed, "I believe the devil has a hold of you." To which the rude soldier very coolly replied, "I believe he has, sir."

☞ How holy is the sympathy of childhood for the sorrowing! The soft cheek laid mutely against your own; the timorous velvet hand on the throbbing temples; the pitying eyes, from which the most quivering soul that ever trouble laid bare can never shrink away. No deceit *there!* no danger of misplaced trust, should those wooing eyes unseal your lips to groans of pent-up anguish. Leaning on the bosom of "The Beloved" alone, could the repose of sorrow be more heavenly?

☞ When the rebel army came North, they came jubilantly singing, "My Maryland! My Maryland!" but after a short interview with General McClellan, they changed the tune to—"Oh! carry me back to Old Virginny."

☞ There is a man in Lorain County, Ohio, who, having been examined by the Drafting Surgeon for various diseases, and pronounced sound as to all of them, fell back upon the *morals* of the question, and declared a draft to be "immoral and unconstitutional, *because it was a game of chance!*"

☞ A paroled soldier, who had been out on the banks of the James river, came back and reported to his captain that he had seen a splendid sword and brace of pistols lying upon the beach. "Why didn't you bring them in?" asked the captain. "Because," answered the soldier, "the conditions of my parole don't allow me to *take up* arms."

☞ Where all the scolding wives go.—To *Tartar*-us, of course.

LATEST NEWS.

REBEL RAID INTO PENNSYLVANIA.

OCCUPATION OF CHAMBERSBURG.

Destruction of Government Property.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HARRISBURG, Oct. 11—3 P. M.—Our latest official advices from the Southern border are to the effect that 3,000 rebel cavalry, with six pieces of artillery, under command of Gens. Stuart and Hampton, took possession of Mercersburg and Chambersburg last evening. Chambersburg was captured at about eight P. M.

This morning the rebels destroyed the machine shops, railway and rolling stock of the Cumberland Valley Railroad Company, which were at Chambersburg, and burned the railroad bridge at Scotland, five miles east of Chambersburg. They have seized about 500 horses, and have also taken a large amount of Government clothing which they at once exchanged for their own dilapidated garments.

A portion of their force moved about ten o'clock this morning, in the direction of Gettysburg.

It is impossible to learn fully their intentions. Means are being devised to capture their entire party.

It has been ascertained that the rebels crossed the Potomac near Clear Spring, early yesterday morning, and entered Pennsylvania by Blair's Valley.

Later.

Reports still continue to arrive at Harrisburg concerning the rebel movements in the state. After leaving Chambersburg they advanced towards Gettysburg, but were met by a large force of farmers and others, and had one of their advance guard captured. He has been sent to Harrisburg.

The railroad to Hagerstown is in running order. The report that the railroad bridge had been destroyed is incorrect. Everything is quiet at Hagerstown. It is supposed that the rebels are making the best of their way to Frederick.

The Anderson troop has gone to intercept them.

Scouts report the rebels as advancing on Carlisle. Troops and supplies are being rapidly pushed forward to that place.

We have the welcome news that the rebels have left Gettysburg, and are in full retreat for the Potomac. A cavalry force is after them, but it is doubtful whether they will catch them.

A dispatch dated 10 o'clock Sunday evening, from Harrisburg, says that the rebels have succeeded in escaping across the Potomac. Gen. Pleasanton's cavalry brigade is in pursuit.

Another dispatch says that they were met at Nolan's ferry, near the mouth of the Monocacy, by the 3d and 4th Maine regiments, with a battery, and an artillery fight commenced with little damage.

Several stragglers from the rebel cavalry have been brought into Frederick. One says their force was 5,000 strong, and that they came for horses.

A Baltimore dispatch says that the reported damage to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and telegraph is incorrect. A train went through to Frederick, and intelligence of its safe arrival has been received by telegraph.

Dispatch from Gen. Buell.

PERRYVILLE, Ky., near Bardstown, Oct. 10.—To Major General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:—I have already advised you of the movements of the army under my command from Louisville.

More or less skirmishing has occurred daily with the enemy's cavalry. Since then it was supposed that the enemy would give battle at Bardstown.

My troops reached that point on the 4th, driving out the enemy's rear guard of cavalry and artillery, the main body towards Springfield, whither the pursuit was continued.

The centre corps, under General Gilbert, moved in the direct road from Springfield to Perryville, and arrived on the 7th within two miles of the town, where the enemy was found to be in force.

The left column, under Gen. McCook, came upon the Maxville road about ten o'clock yesterday, the 8th.

It was ordered in position to attack, and a strong reconnoissance directed.

At four o'clock I received a request from Gen. McCook for reinforcements, and learned that the left had been seriously engaged for several hours, and that the right and left of that corps were being turned and severely pressed.

Reinforcements were immediately sent forward from the centre.

Orders were also sent to the right column, under Gen. Crittenden, who was advancing by the Lebanon road, to push forward and attack the enemy's left, but it was impossible to produce any decisive results.

The action continued until dark. Some sharp fighting also occurred in the centre.

The enemy was everywhere repulsed, but not without some momentary advantages.

On the left the several corps were put in position during the night, and moved to attack at 6 o'clock this morning. Some skirmishing occurred with the enemy's rear guard.

The main body has fallen back in the direction of Harrodsburg.

I have no accurate report of our loss yet.—It is probably pretty large, including valuable officers. Gens. Jackson and Terrill, I regret to say, are among the number of killed.

(Signed) D. C. BUELL,
Major-General Commanding.

Further particulars of Wednesday's fight at Perryville state that the Federal forces were 16,000, and the rebel force 62 regiments—the aggregate being unknown. The Federal loss was from 350 to 600 killed and 2,300 wounded, and 440 prisoners. The latter were paroled by the rebel Gen. Buckner.

The rebel loss was 1,300 killed, including one General, name unknown, and 19 Colonels and Lieutenant-Colonels. This number of killed is admitted by the rebel Medical Director of Gen. Cheatham's division.

A Government train of thirty wagons was captured by Kirby Smith's rebels, near Frankfort, on Wednesday. 550 stragglers were also captured.

A special Louisville dispatch to the Lancaster Express says that one of Gen. Buell's army trains was captured on Friday, near Lawrenceburg, Ky., together with a guard of seventy-five privates of the 77th Pennsylvania regiment.

A heavy body of rebel cavalry reoccupied Frankfort on the 8th, after Gen. Sill had moved towards Perryville, but they were routed, and a number of wagons recaptured by Gen. Dumont.

The reports of a severe battle near Perryville, on Thursday, are stated to be incorrect.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 12.—Despatches from Lebanon says that a great battle was fought yesterday, between Harrodsburg and Danville, and that it was heavier than that of Wednesday.

The Union troops have captured 160 rebel wagons and 1,000 prisoners.

The rebels are retreating to Camp Dick Robinson.

Doubtful rumors say that Bragg and Cheatham were killed in Wednesday's battle.

The War in Mississippi.

Gen. Grant has recalled Gen. Rosecrans from the pursuit of the rebels. They are so much dispersed and demoralized that they cannot reorganize. They abandoned and spiked eleven guns, and destroyed a quantity of war material. We have 2,000 prisoners, including many officers. About 1,000 rebels were killed. Our loss is 350 killed and 1,000 wounded.

The War in Missouri.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 12.—Advices received at headquarters from Gen. Schofield states that his advance under Gen. Brown had driven the rebels out of Perryville, and that they had fled hastily across the border into Arkansas. He says there is no rebel forces now in that portion of Missouri.

Miscellaneous.

Nashville is surrounded by the rebels, and the Federal troops are on half rations.

A foraging train of 40 wagons had been taken by the rebels, 9 miles south of Nashville.

A guerilla battle had taken place near Gallatin, in which the rebels were defeated. The rebel Gens. Cheatham and Polk are said to be killed.

Dispatches received at the Navy Department, dated the 5th, give the information that the battery on St. John's Bluff, Fla., has been captured by our forces, and the garrison put to flight. A number of heavy guns and a quantity of army supplies were captured. No lives were lost on our side. We have now possession of St. John's river as far as Jacksonville.

It is reported that the free negro brigade of Gen. Lane attempted a raid upon Clay County, Mo., but were driven back.

New Orleans papers say that the city continues to enjoy remarkably good health. The negroes made an attempt to rise, but no harm came of it. The steamer Iberville had been fired into near Bayou Zoula. Fifty shots were fired. One man was killed.

The steamer Hibernia, with dates to the 3rd, passed Cape Race on Friday night. She brings five days' later intelligence. The news of the recent battles had reached England, and the papers were complimenting McClellan for his vigorous movements. The U. S. steam frigate St. Louis had left Lisbon in search of the rebel private Semmes, (the 290,) which is reported off the Azores. The French squadron in China had been ordered to proceed to Japan.

☞ Lord Byron told Trelawney that his separation from his wife proceeded from a few hasty words, uttered when he was unaware of her presence. During his financial troubles his wife had come into his study so quietly that Byron did not know it. Thinking over his condition, and how much his marriage had rendered his ruin more unpleasant, he cried audibly enough for her to hear, "Lady Byron is confoundedly in my way!" She roused him from his brown study by saying, "Indeed, my lord! I can easily get out of it!" Byron would have it she never forgave this escapade.

☞ A certain country editor thus courageously dashes the hopes of those patrons who believed that they could control his course by any threat of withdrawal of patronage:

"We do not belong to our patrons,
Our paper is wholly our own;
Whoever may like it may take it,
Who don't can just let it alone."

☞ "Ah, Jemmy, Jemmy," said the kind hearted Doctor Ponsonby, Bishop of Derry, to a drunken blacksmith, "I am sorry to see you beginning your evil courses again; and, Jemmy, I am very anxious to know what you intend to do with that fine lad, your son—eh, eh, how's that?" To which Jemmy, with a burst of genuine feeling, said, "I intend to do for him more than you can for *your* son—make him a better man than his father!"

☞ The perfection of the Divine system is revealed in the mutual dependencies which unite all creatures. All lean upon one another, and give while they receive support. No man is unnecessary; no man stands alone. God has brought us thus near to each other, that his goodness may be reflected from heart to heart.—*Channing.*

☞ Very tall man in train, to neighbor:—"I shall get out and stretch my legs here a bit, as we wait ten minutes." "For goodness sake, sir, don't do that! They are too long by half already."

☞ Intelligent people, those Englishmen! One of them, travelling in this country, writes home to "McMillan's Magazine" that he visited Cambridge, Mass., where he saw the oak under which "Washington *signed the Declaration of Independence!*"

☞ "Steel your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are now going among some fascinating girls." "I had much rather steal theirs," said the promising young man.

☞ Warfare in the days of Cæsar was no mere child's play. In nine years he had conquered three hundred tribes, eight hundred cities, slain a million of men, and taken prisoners another million. After he had become master of the world he entertained the whole Roman populace at twenty-three thousand tables, furnished with every luxury.

☞ EXPENSIVE JEWELRY.—A jeweller exhibits in the World's Fair at London a most accurate miniature portrait of the Queen, composed of distinct brilliants almost as fine as diamond dust, and of which more than 2,000 are required to complete the likeness, small as it is. Another jeweller contributes a necklace of diamonds worth nearly half a million of dollars.

☞ Popkins says of a friend of his, who has fallen from his high estate and is cut by his erstwhile associates, that the friend is pretty well off, as regards his larder, for he gets "*cold shoulder*" given him continually.

☞ Why is it vulgar to send a telegram? Because it is making use of flash language.

☞ If it was not good, i. e., wrong, for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how very criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls!

☞ There are some men who know everything. The Rev. Dr. Spring says that "there is but a moment between the hour when the eye is closed in the grave and when it wakes to judgment."

THE THREE ROBES.

BY MISS A. J. DICKINSON.

I saw a light at the window pane
  On a calm and starry night,
And I knew there were busy fingers there,
  Making a robe so white.
And I knew that their hearts were light and gay
  As they sewed the adornings fair,
And I knew they had carefully laid away
A beautiful wreath they had twined that day,
  To tie on her pale brown hair;
And I knew they had folded a snowy veil
  To clasp on her marble brow;
For the one that she loved by her side would stand
  And utter the solemn vow.

I saw a light at the window pane
  When the wind went sobbing by,
And cold and fitful drifts of rain
  Fell from the weeping sky.
And not a star from its home looked down
  On the dwellings of men below;
And the pale moon shrank from the fearful frown,
And hid its face in the trailing gown
  Of the clouds, in her grief and woe;
And I knew there were busy fingers there
  Sewing a robe so white;
And a snowy wreath for her pale brown hair,
Bedewed with the tears of those watchers fair,
  They had twined by that midnight light.

Away, above, where the sweet-faced stars
  Are singing creation's hymn,
There shineth a glory so pure and bright
  That the light of the sun is dim.
There I see a concourse of angels fair
  Preparing a robe so white,
Gemming a crown for the pale brown hair
Of a beautiful maiden awaiting there
  To be crowned an angel bright.
Then I knew that one home in this world of ours
  Had witnessed a sad farewell,
And I knew that the angels had welcomed her
  In their beautiful home to dwell.

MY AUNT'S STORY.

FROM THE LONDON "ONCE A WEEK."

My Aunt Calista was one of the prettiest of all little fairy-like women. As a girl her beauty must have been something wonderfully distracting. She was once the belle of a famous and quaint old sea-town, full of fortunes made in foreign trade, prize-money, and kinds of traffic thought honorable enough some years ago, but now held in such reprobation, that I prefer not to mention them.

My aunt was very little. When I was ten years old, I was the biggest. Well I might be, for a man could span her waist with his two hands, and she was more like a marvellous doll, or a stray fairy, than a mortal woman. Her feet and ankles were past all comprehension for littleness and elegance. Perhaps she did not wear nice shoes and stockings, and maybe she did not hold up her black brocade daintily on the slightest provocation! Ah! but her hands; how small, and white, and delicate, they were, with rosy-tipped, tapering fingers. She looked all the more *petite* and wonderful in her delicate prettiness, for always dressing in black, which brought out her pale, lily-like beauty, and blonde hair with great distinctness. Her deep blue eyes seemed to look through things and people. All this made me a little in awe of Aunt Calista, though I loved her, with the romantic, reverential love of boyhood, as if she were a lovely princess, enchanted, or otherwise.

A childless widow, my Aunt Calista had lived with us since I could remember. She was older than my mother; but no one could have told her age from her looks, for her singular beauty seemed to have in it no element of decay. We lived inland among the hills, and all I knew of the ocean was from my books of geography, and the pictures and voyages in Aunt Calista's rooms, and Robinson Crusoe. But I dreamed much of the sea, built mimic ships, and waited with impatience until I should be old enough to run away like the aforesaid Robinson, who has, perhaps, done more to help Britannia to rule the waves, than all her Drakes and Nelsons.

I forget—there was another source of information, better than all the rest. My Aunt Calista had been born in sight of the sea. She had seen the great ships sail in and out of the harbor of her native town. She had picked up beautiful shells and pebbles on the beach, and sometimes she helped me to sail my little squadrons on our duck-pond, and told me many a sea story she had heard or read.

"Aunt Calista," said I, one day, when we were sitting under the willows by the waterside, watching my last achievement in naval architecture, as it danced over the billows—the billows of the duck-pond—"were you ever on the great blue sea, with only the sky and clouds above you, and the water all round, out of sight of land—nothing but the ship, in the middle of the sea?"

A shadow passed over her pale and lovely face, as she said, with a soft tenderness:

"Yes, dear, I have been at sea where the ship was the only human thing in sight, and the centre of the great circle of the horizon, where the blue sky and blue ocean mingle on every side."

"Oh, how grand!" I exclaimed, with my boyish enthusiasm. "Do, dearest aunt, tell me all about your voyage?"

She did not answer for a moment, and I wondered what could be the matter with my ever-cheerful Aunt Calista. But the sadness passed away, and she said:

"Yes, I will tell you all about it. Your grandfather was a merchant, and owned many ships. He sent them to the West Indies, the East Indies, and sometimes to China. I loved the sea and the ships. My father used to allow me to go on board with him, when they were about to sail, or had come in from long voyages. I sometimes took such little presents on board as sailors like, and they said I would give them a lucky voyage. They did not forget me, and brought me many a nice present from beyond the seas.

"One day we visited a new ship, and found a new captain, whom I had never seen before. I thought him very handsome, but young for such a trust; but I found that he was good and honorable. He had been in the navy. A great misfortune to his family had made it necessary for him to leave the service, and accept the higher pay of a merchantman. After one or two voyages we became acquainted, and he came to love me better than all the world.

"But my father did not love him so well as another person did—at least he did not wish me to love him. It was only in the intervals of long voyages that I saw him, and when the time for his arrival drew near, and the ship, for me so richly freighted, was due, I spent many hours in the observatory on the top of our house, sweeping the line of the horizon with a long spy-glass, and watching for the little signal flag that I alone knew of, and that would tell me HE was coming. So you see, my dear, that I was well acquainted with the sea.

"One day this brave, good captain, who had won my heart, asked my father for my hand. He could have nothing against him. There could not be a better or braver man. He was nobility itself—but I was my father's pet and pride, and he was ambitious. I think nothing less than a lord would then have satisfied him for a son-in-law.

"Captain Walter came and told me, with some bitterness, the result of his interview with my father. I knew that he was poor, but I knew that this was the only reasonable objection that could be made to him, and I laid my hand in his—a strong, manly hand—strong and true, and I said: 'Be patient: I am yours, and I will never be any one's but yours while this world stands.'

"He went away upon a long voyage, and a very important one, for my father liked him as a captain of his ship, and knew well that he could trust him to the last drop of his blood to protect ship and cargo.

"When he came home next time I had reflected much, and determined upon what I ought to do. I did not wait for him to come and see me. I did not wait for him to ask me to do anything. I knew that he could not while he was my father's captain. So I went to the ship and said: 'Captain Walter, will you leave this all to me, to do as I think right?'

"He only held me to his big heart a moment, but he looked a thousand yeses out of his handsome, loving eyes.

"The day his ship was to sail on her next voyage I sent my trunks on board the ship. Then I found my captain, and said: 'Come with me, and redeem your promise, and I will keep mine.' We went to a church, a license was ready, and we were married. The ship was ready to sail, and I knew that my father was on board to give his last directions, and see her off. I went on board with my husband, and my father was not surprised, for I had often sailed out with him, and returned in the pilot-boat.

"When the ship had got a good offing, and the pilot was ready to take us back, my father said his last words to the captain, and shook hands, wishing him a good voyage. 'Come, darling,' said he to me; 'say good-bye to Captain Walter, for we must go now.'

"'Dear father,' said I, 'forgive your darling; I cannot go with you now. I must sail this voyage with MY HUSBAND, Captain Walter!'

"He looked from one to the other, to see if this were jest or earnest.

"'Father, dear,' said I, 'you could never have found me so good a husband. So I took him this morning, and made him marry me, and here is the certificate that I am his wife.'

"Poor father! He turned very pale, but he loved me, and there was no help. He held me in his arms and kissed me, while his tears ran over my cheeks. At last he held out his hand to my brave captain in token of forgiveness. He went home alone in the pilot-boat. I waved him my tearful adieux as long as I could see him, for he was ever a kind and indulgent father. We sped on our voyage.

"The shores of England faded from our sight, and we were on the open sea. We had fair winds and foul, stiff gales and gentle breezes, and I became a sailor. We crossed the line, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and sailed on weeks and weeks through the Indian seas to Batavia, and then to Canton: you have read about it in Lord Anson and Captain Cook. When our cargo was completed, we sailed homeward again. It was a long and solitary voyage, but I was never lonely. My world was with me. I wished to see my father, but we were homeward bound.

"One day, as we were reaching our northern latitudes, my captain came hastily into the cabin to get his spy-glass, and I followed him on deck. There was a vessel in sight, bearing down directly for us. She had changed her course since we first saw her, and it was evident she meant to come near us.

"My captain took a long look at her.

"'Well?' said I, standing at his elbow, and taking the glass from his hand.

"'You have good eyes, darling,' said he, 'see what you can make of her.'

"I adjusted the glass to my eye, and looked intently.

"'It is an armed vessel,' said I. 'I see ports, and a large gun amidships.'

"'You are quite correct—as usual,' said my captain.

"'But she does not look like a man-of-war,' said I, 'and I do not think she is English.'

"'No more is she,' said he. 'Either war has been declared, and she is a privateer, or she is a cursed pirate.'

"I was never a coward. I held the glass steadily in my hands, and watched the brig, as she bore down with all sail set, and it was evident that she was a good sailer. There had been talk of war before we left England, but my father did not believe in it. I shuddered at the idea of its being a pirate.

"'Whatever she may be,' said my captain, 'she has no business with us. I shall give her a try at all events.'

"So we tacked ship and stood off in the contrary direction from that in which we had been sailing. The stranger had tacked also before we were well on our course. In half an hour she had gained perceptibly.

"'She can beat us on a wind,' said my captain, looking very serious. 'There is nothing for us but to show the cleanest pair of heels we can.'

"Round we went to our best point of sailing; out went the studding sails, the cargo was shifted to give our ship the best possible trim, the sails were wet; but it was soon apparent that, after all we had done, the brig was gaining on us—slowly, indeed, but certainly gaining.

"'A stern chase is a long chase, Calista, darling,' said my captain, cheerily; but I could see that he was not at all satisfied with the aspect of affairs.

"'You know that I am not a coward,' said I; 'tell me just how it is.'

"'I know your soul is bigger than your body, my darling,' said he. 'This rascally brig gains on us. If we can have foul weather to-night, we may change our course and lose sight of her. I see no other hope. We are not strong enough to fight her.'

"'There are muskets and pistols in the cabin,' said I, 'and we have two cannons on deck.'

"'Well enough to frighten savages, or beat off the Malay pirates; but that brig is well armed, and must have plenty of men by the way they handle her. If she is a privateer, we must surrender. If a pirate, we must fight. Her Long Tom will make oven wood of us, but we must take our chance.'

"We held on, praying for night, and storm, and darkness. The full moon rode high in the heavens, and silvered the waves through which our good ship ploughed gallantly.—Nearer and nearer came our pursuer. Once the wind freshened, and we seemed to gain a slight advantage, but it soon fell off again, and the brig crept nearer and nearer. Few slept. By the full morning light there lay the handsome brig, full over our taffrail, bounding along with a bone in her mouth. My brave husband walked the deck in sore trouble.—He had made the best possible preparations for defence, the crew were ready to obey his orders, but the case was hopeless.

"As the light increased, I watched the brig closely through the glass, trying to ascertain the character of our pursuer. A flag of stars and stripes went up to her mast-head, and the smoke of a cannon curled up from her deck. It was the first signal. The commander of the brig was in the field of my glass, and my worst fears were dispelled.

"'Look!' said I to my husband, giving him the glass; 'that man is not a pirate.'

"I could not be mistaken. He was a fine-looking man of thirty-five or forty, in an undress naval uniform. His bearing was manly, and his face, when I got a look at it, was clear and open. My captain took the glass and gave an anxious look.

"'I believe you are right, my darling,' said he. 'The man is no pirate. Then it is war, and we shall soon be his prisoners. It is a hard case, but there is no help for it.'

"'Do not be cast down, my brave captain,' said I; 'father has more ships, and he can deduct this one from my portion.'

"Just then another shot from the long gun came alongside, and showed that we were within point blank range. The order was given to take in sail, and we waited for the brig to come up. As she came on, dashing gallantly through the waves, my captain took his trumpet and hailed her. The hail was courteously responded to. It was a Yankee privateer, demanding our surrender.

"'Oh! for a tier of guns, and half a chance at him!' exclaimed my captain; but the disparity of force was too overwhelming. In answer to the question, he gave the name of our good ship and his own.

"Then I, who was watching the deck of the enemy still through the glass, though we were now so near, saw a strange movement. The captain of the brig suddenly put up his glass, which he had turned on my husband. Then he appeared to give some order to his lieutenant, who was preparing to board us, and soon sprang into the boat himself, and came on board of us.

"He was received with a not very cheerful politeness, but his manner, as he stepped upon our deck, justified the opinion I had formed of him. He raised his hat to me with a graceful bow; and my husband invited him to enter our cabin, which he did with every courtesy. Wine and other refreshments were brought out in plenty, and the stranger told us of the outbreak of the war with America, and also of other events which were news to us at that time.

"Were we prisoners? Was this our captor, quietly conversing with us, and courteously drinking to our prosperity? He looked at me attentively when my eyes were turned away, and I thought I saw a strange smile upon his face.

"My husband opened a locker, and taking out the ship's papers, laid them on the table with a heavy heart; but he would not show it, and said with an air of assumed cheerfulness:

"'It is the fortune of war. My ship is your prize, captain, and since I must surrender her, I am glad it is to a gentleman.—Where do you propose to send us?'

"The stranger moved into the light, brushed back the curls of his dark hair, and turning to my husband, said:

"'Is it possible, Captain Walter, that you do not know me? Have you forgotten a man whose life you saved, and who owes *you* so much?'

"My husband looked earnestly at him a moment, then grasped his hand, and said:

"'Hardy! Frank Hardy! is it really you?'

"'Yes, old fellow,' said he, 'it is really me, with a better memory than you have, who saved my life at the risk of your own. And this is your wife? I congratulate you—I congratulate you both with all my heart. Madame, he took me off a wreck, where every man but me had perished. Thank God! I can show that I am not ungrateful. I shall appoint you prize master, and you shall take your ship, please God! into her own harbor.'

"'But can you do this safely, Frank?' asked my captain.

"'Safely!' His lip curled. 'I would like to see the danger I would not confront for you, old fellow. If I were a naval officer, it would be a different matter, but a privateer has some discretion. My pretty brig is my own. The war is an ugly business, but you know me of old—we are "enemies in war, in peace friends," all but you, old fellow—I am your friend, always, as you know.'

"'And how will your crew stand the loss of their share of prize money?' asked my captain.

"'They are pretty likely to stand what I require them to,' said the Yankee, proudly. 'But I can make it all right for them. Prizes are not very scarce articles. Here, give me the papers! Who is your owner?'

"'My father,' said I.

"'All right? Madam,' said he, bowing, 'I wish to make you a small present.'

"'If you wish to do me a favor,' said I, 'make your present to my husband.'

"He smiled, as he looked from one to the other, and seemed to understand the state of the case in an instant.

"'You are quite right, madam,' said he; 'it shall be as you desire.'

"Then he endorsed the ship's manifest with the fact of her capture, and he made over ship and cargo to Captain Walter. It was not a legal document, of course, but it had its weight with my father.

"Our captain took his leave, with such stores as we could get him to accept. His boat's crew looked at them wonderingly as they were passed over the side to them, and even still more wonderingly at the manner in which their captain took his leave of us.

"In a week more we were safe in an English harbor and on English ground. The war lasted two or three years, and many prizes were taken on both sides, and some hard battles fought by land and sea, but I never heard that any ship ever escaped as we did."

This was my dear little aunt's story as we sat under the willows. She said no more, but sat in a reverie, looking into vacancy—looking as if she saw a ship on the far horizon. I stole softly to her and kissed her little hand, and then glided noiselessly away, for I knew that she was thinking of her captain, and that the great, blue sea was now to her but as the grave of him she loved. But she was not sad long nor often, for she believed that "the sea shall give up her dead."

RELICS.

Why keep them? scentless, withered, as they are,
  Their color faded, hastening to decay;
No sense they please, what can they longer serve?
  And so you bid me "fling them all away."

Yet no! for that to you which only seems
  A shapeless mass of twigs, dead buds, and leaves,
To me are voices, telling o'er a tale,
  Of time and place, of "when I gathered these."

Again the nut-wood, with its rocky path,
  The vine-hung chasm once again I climb,
Feel the cool spray of torrents dashing past,
  By flowery steep, green slope, and craggy chime.

The downs we scaled, the fragrant heather-bed,
  The soundless solitude of earth and sky,
The expanse of park, and field, and fruitful land,
  Like pictures 'neath our feet that seemed to lie.

The white beach glittering in the morning sun,
  The tyrant waves we breasted in our glee;
The twilight symphony that ushered in
  That grandest glory of the moonlit sea.

"*Dead!*" did you call them?—nay, but full of life!
  For to my soul communing e'er *are* they;
Gleaned from full harvestings of joy and love,
  Tracks of a priceless summer holiday!

"*Fancy!*" you tell me—what have you more real?
  In yon locked casket you've a treasure lies;
"Relics," you proudly tell us, "old and rare,"
  Sacred you guard them, and not lightly prize,—

A monarch's ring, a cloth from Holy Land,
  A splint of Beckett's tomb, or Mary's throne,
A rebel's spear-head, or a patriot's wand,
  Vesuvius' lava, or Pompeian stone.

What pleasant memories link from *those* to me?
  Recall one word of love, or hour of bliss?
Has well-known glance enriched the worth of that?
  Lingers o'er this the fragrance of a kiss?

But *these* with me shared mountain breeze and wave,
  These felt the sunshine of that happy day;
To these and memory still that time belongs,
  They are *my* relics! fling them not away!

FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

A SMALL HINT.—By the settling of buildings, or the swelling of doors, the latter often stick at top or bottom, and are hard to open. We have seen a great deal of hard pulling and jerking, and kicking, to open such doors, greatly at the risk of breaking hinges, pulling off knobs, twisting doors, and destroying patience and equanimity. The observation of a simple rule will save all this trouble and disaster. When the door sticks at the top, bear downwards on the handle in attempting to open; and when it sticks at the bottom draw upwards.

☞ There is nothing like "war fever." A gentleman of our acquaintance on being invited to take a *draft* of ale, declined on the ground that he was over forty-five years of age.

"MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND."

The Philadelphia Press shows that this rebel lyric is simply an imitation of one of Clarence Mangan's poems, called "The Karamanian Exile." The following are the first and last stanzas of the Irish poet's productions:—

I see thee ever in my dreams,
  Karaman!
Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
  Karaman! Oh, Karaman!
As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
As when the deepening sunset seams
With lines of light thy hills and streams,
  Karaman!
So thou loomest on my dreams,
  Karaman! Oh, Karaman!

* * * * *

There's care to-night in Ukbar's halls,
  Karaman!
There's hope, too, for his trodden thralls,
  Karaman! Oh, Karaman!
What lights flash red along yon walls?
Hark! hark! the muster trumpet calls!
I see the sheen of spears and shawls,
  Karaman!
The foe! the foe! they scale the walls,
  Karaman!
To-night Murad or Ukbar falls,
  Karaman! Oh, Karaman!

A BRAVE BOY.

When I was a boy I lived among the Green mountains of Vermont; in winter making snow forts and sliding down the steep hills, and in summer and autumn wandering over the mountains after flowers or nuts, or catching the beautiful trout from the brooks. But my brother in Wisconsin wrote me to come to him, and I went. Our house was on what was then called "Baxter's Prairie." The prairie was covered with flowers, and the many clear lakes around abounded in fish and ducks; but our principal food was hoe cake and salt pork.

One of our neighbors had had no meat for some time, and getting out of powder they had no game; so one day they sent up their oldest son, a boy about ten years old, for a piece of pork. As he was carrying it homewards, and going through a piece of woods by "Silver Lake," he heard a rustling of the leaves in a thicket by the roadside. He stopped and listened—all was still. Again he pushed forward, again the leaves rustled behind him, and he thought he heard a stealthy step. Again he stopped; everything was still except the gentle dash of the waves upon the pebbly beach, and the rapid beating of his own heart.

He dreaded to go forward, and he dared not stay, for he saw night was approaching, when the woods always echoed with the sound of the hungry wolf, and the savage bear and the stealthy catamount came out from their dens. So picking up a club, he again started homeward. Again came the stealthy step behind him, nearer and nearer, until he saw a gaunt and savage wolf creeping after him, and as he hurried on still clinging to his meat, the wolf was coming nearer and nearer, and he might at any moment spring upon him.

Still the boy, though he trembled in every limb, did not lose his presence of mind. He remembered having heard his father say that if any one faced a wild animal and looked it square in the eye, it would not dare to attack him. He turned around, faced the hungry wolf, and commenced walking backwards towards his home, still a long mile and a half away. As the woods grew darker the wolf came nearer, showing his white teeth, with the hair bristling upon his back. The courageous boy knew that if he gave up his piece of pork he was safe, and could run home unmolested, but he knew that there were hungry ones at home awaiting his return. So, backwards he went, step by step. As the wolf came near, he hit him square upon the head with a stone, when with an angry "yelp," the wolf sprang into the thicket, and set up a long and dismal howl. The boy listened to hear if there were any answering howls, and hearing none, took courage; but soon the savage beast, maddened with hunger, came at him again. With his club he gave him a well-directed blow between the eyes, which sent him howling back again into the thicket.

Again and again was the contest renewed; many times did the savage animal make a spring at the lad, and many times did the brave boy beat him off, until at last he came near the log cabin of his parents, when the disappointed wolf, with a long and wailing howl, dashed away into the woods. Trembling with exitement, and wet with perspiration, the boy dropped the meat upon the floor, crying, "Mother, I've got it," and fell exhausted at his mother's feet.

THE MOORS OF SPAIN.—Their efforts were not wholly spent on the polished marble, the fantastic carvings, and the many-colored enamels and frescoes which were to please a monarch; their private dwellings were marvels of neatness and elegance; even the cottages of the white-turbaned peasantry, under whose skillful care the Vega blossomed like a garden, were miracles of cleanliness when compared with the slovenly abodes of Christian Spaniards. As for the houses of the merchants and cavaliers, the numerous gentry of a Moorish kingdom, they had terraced roofs draped with welcome awnings, lofty wind-towers to catch every breath of air procurable in that sultry climate, cool upper chambers, and especially baths and fountains. The Gothic hidalgoes of Castile sneered at the spotless floors, the snowy walls, and above all, at the passion of these infidels for washing, and the provision they made for that effeminate and heathenish practice. But as cause and effect act and react over the world, there is little doubt that we owe many a lesson, in other matters than physic and chemistry, to the Moslems of Spain.

☞ The history of man is a calendar of straws. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, said Pascal, in his brilliant way, Anthony might have kept the world.

BAYONET CHARGES.

To read the graphic description of fierce charges so often met with in reports of almost every engagement, one would suppose that desperate hand to hand encounters where the glistening steel is crossed in deadly conflict, were every day occurrences of the war, whereas not a single instance can be found in the whole history of the war where two opposing forces of any considerable number, have stood for a moment at close quarters with this terrible instrument of death, and I hardly think twenty instances can be found in the history of modern warfare. This may seem a bold statement to many, but I think it can be substantiated.

On the bloody field of Fair Oaks, where Sickles's Excelsior Brigade dispersed twice their number, in a charge which gained for them imperishable glory, I saw perhaps two thousand dead bodies; among them I noticed but *three* pierced by the bayonet. Since then I have myself participated in two charges—the latter—that of Hooker's Division at Manassas, August 29th, the most sanguinary of the war, but at no time was our line nearer than ten paces to that of the enemy, and the only two instances where I saw the bayonet used, was that of two rebels who had got in advance of their line, and refused to surrender.

I have been informed by a number who participated in the grand charge of Hancock's Brigade at Williamsburg, that they did not see a single man injured by the bayonet. At Waterloo, it will be recollected, the "Old Guards," led by Wellington himself, repulsed the French in a final charge—the next morning the English could find but five bodies on the entire field killed by the bayonet, and yet an English historian gravely relate as an instance of John Bull prowess, that a member of the Guard—a giant *in size*—was surrounded and killed after having bayoneted *five* of his adversaries!

These facts, however well substantiated, do not detract in the least from the value of the bayonet as a weapon, nor from the grandeur of a charge, but only from those demon-like exhibitions of passion which we see so graphically portrayed in illustrated papers, and read of in the sensation effusions of reporters, who are always careful to gather their information at a safe distance from all danger,—from skedaddling cowards as they make their way to the rear with the played-out story, that their regiment "is all cut to pieces." These pictures are a terror to anxious mothers, and a delight to bar-room loafers, and furthermore, are a *nuisance*.

But the impatient reader will ask—"if the bayonet is so seldom used, in what manner does it so often decide the fate of battles and of nations?" In short, where lies its merit? It lies, (if pious noncombatants(?) will permit the expression) in its *moral effect*, or that almost instantaneous conviction of success or defeat which the first sight of the *glittering steel inspires*. *The attacking party always* has the advantage in this particular, for it is reasonable to suppose that they know the number and weak points of the party to be attacked, while the approach of a force on the charge and double quick, with the terrific yell which usually attends such a movement, gives one such an exaggerated idea of its number. Therefore it is that oftener than otherwise, the party attacked breaks and runs, after discharging their pieces at short range. But should they make a determined stand, the chances are that the attacking party would themselves halt and contest the ground with powder and ball.

Thus the bayonet, although seldom drawing blood, performs an important part in almost every engagement.

It is quite impossible adequately to describe the variety of sensations a bayonet charge produces on one who participates in it, it so much governed by attending circumstances. If it occurs at an early hour of the engagement, when the soldier feels fresh and high-spirited, he will spring forward with enthusiasm at the order, confident of an easy victory; but if it occurs at a later hour, when he has been long and hotly engaged against heavy odds—with comrades falling around him, and exhausted nature is only sustained by excitement, then, an order to charge, is anything but welcome, and the decimated line moves forward, silent determination and revenge stamped on every countenance, till a volley from the enemy deals death on all sides, arousing the sternest qualities of manhood, and with a deafening yell, all rush forward either to be checked and discomforted by a second volley, or to follow a disorganized, retreating foe.

It is amusing to a soldier to see on what precise mathematical lines newspaper artist make *their* charges, as if it were possible for a brigade of exhausted men to advance across fields, through woods and over fences, maintaining anything like a regular line. Nothing is nearer an impossibility. A charge is more like the rush of an excited, infuriated mob through the streets of a large city, those with the best pluck and the longest legs leading off. It is particularly difficult in Virginia, where there is so much woodland, to maintain a good organization after once becoming engaged.—*W. C. M., in Portland Transcript.*

☞ UNION FOREVER.—Phil said he was in a stationary store last week, when a young lady—a very pretty one, too—came in, and asked to see some note-paper. The clerk showed her the different kinds, and then asked which she preferred. She replied, "That with the red, white and blue edge." The clerk, being an inquisitive young man, asked her why she gave that the preference. "Because," she answered, blushing, "it is indicative of 'Union.'" Phil says he has felt miserable ever since!

☞ Two men by the name of Beans were lately hung in the North of England. A countryman passing near and seeing the crowd, inquired what they were doing. "Only stringing a few Beans," was the reply.

HARVEST HYMN.

A nation heaves with throes of strife,
And men look on with wond'ring eyes,
Mourn the dread waste of human life,
Yet raise their angry battle cries.
While poets cheer the valiant throng
With chants of hope, or victory,
Be mine a pure thanksgiving song—
Lord of the harvest, praise to Thee!

Thy waving fields—the nation's stay;
How lovely, soothing, and serene,
Where the ripe sheaves, in long array,
Smile in the soft autumnal sheen;
And where no ruder sounds are heard
Than the blithe reaper's voice of glee,
Or fragrant breeze, or gladsome bird,
Lord of the harvest, praise to Thee!

Whoever falls, thou dost not fall;
Whoever sleeps, thou dost not sleep;
With fattening shower, and fostering gale,
Thy goodness brings the hour to reap.
Man marks each season, and its sign,
And sows the seed, and plants the tree;
But form, growth, fulness, all are thine—
Lord of the harvest, praise to Thee!

My soul, it is a joyful thing
To see the fruitful grain expand,
And the broad hands of Plenty fling
Her golden largess o'er the land;
To see the fruitage swell and glow,
And bend with wealth the parent tree;
To see the purple vintage flow—
Lord of abundance, praise to Thee!

Praise for the glorious harvest days;
Praise for the blessings that we share;
For the unbounded sunlight praise,
And for the free and vital air;
Praise for the faith that looks above—
The hope of immortality;
For life, health, virtue, truth, and love,
Maker and Giver, praise to Thee!

SANTA; OR, A WOMAN'S TRAGEDY.

(CONCLUDED.)

By the Author of "The Woman I Loved, and the Woman that Loved Me."

CHAPTER VII.

"One day, after a silence of many months, I received a letter from my husband. Reports against me had reached him, and the long thirst of vengeance which, as a disappointed courtier, as a baffled man of the world, as a mortified husband, he had amassed against me, gave themselves utterance in an epistle which was a masterpiece of polite insult. The coarsest insinuations were veiled under the most polished irony. A letter which sent the hot blushes to my forehead, and the scorching tears of indignant shame to my eyes; I was literally maddened. The letter concluded, by informing me that henceforth we were strangers—that a small yearly sum was at my disposal—that Rupert Rabenfels, whose home I had shared for a twelvemonth, would probably provide me with one in future; that by himself and my brother, I was repudiated and disowned. I instantly wrote to my husband that I accepted entirely and without reserve the position he had made for me; that it was true that Rupert Rabenfels and I had been nearly a twelvemonth under the same roof, that which had sheltered me when cast off by him; that we had been hitherto, and I trusted would be always, friends; that besides the Chanoinesse, he and his child were the only relatives I should henceforth acknowledge. I despatched the letter immediately. I did not hesitate one moment. With reckless impetuosity I flung myself on the sword with which I was menaced.

"I went out in the cool evening to a spot which was a favorite of Rupert's and mine. He was still absent, I believed. He had taken Ida with him on his last visit to Madame Serrano, and neither had returned as yet. As I walked down the sloping lawn, and kept under the shadow of the trees which skirted it on one side, I thought not of aught which had chilled my friendship for Rupert, but that the happiest moments of my later life had been spent with him and his child. I recalled the past months, during which I had not thought a thought, wished a wish, hoped a hope, which was not in some way connected with Ida, and my heart melted with yearning tenderness over both. I longed to hold Rupert's hand in mine, and tell him how much I valued these only treasures which fate had left me.

"I reached our favorite spot. It was a bank which hung steeply over a brawling stream. Seven cypresses stood together on the highest point, and beneath them a rustic bench had been placed on which I now sat down to rest. The view of the green fertile plains backed by the 'terrible purple' of the mountains was exquisitely beautiful. It was spring, and the grass at my feet was fragrant with violets and jonquils. The half-melancholy, half-enchanting mystery, with which all nature struggles into life, was filling the air with unutterable sweetness. My excited feelings were softened into calm; I felt consoled; for me, also, life was not all winter—there might be spring for me, too. Was not Ida a gift from God, to comfort and console me. A blossom to make vernal my hitherto frozen life?

"'The Serranos tell me you go in a few days,' said a voice below. The cypresses sheltered me, and I saw Rupert, and a man who belonged to the same secret society as he did, and whom I had seen occasionally at the house, standing in the path just below me.

"'Yes, I go in a week.'

"'Why do you sigh so deeply? Madame Serrano thinks you have wasted your time here quite long enough; as she does not know your occupations, she considers, naturally enough, that Madame Rabenfels has an undue share of your society. I know she has persuaded you to leave the Schloss, and stay the rest of the time with her. But how will Madame Rabenfels receive this intelligence?"

"Rupert muttered an oath.

"'Poor Madame Rabenfels, she will miss both you and your child,' continued his friend.

"'Pshaw! If Helena wishes it, it is enough. She makes it a point to retain Ida. How can I refuse her? No one has such a right to my devotion.'

"'Really you are unintelligible.'

"'In Heaven's name, are you mad?' said Rupert, 'or do you wish to drive me so? What am I to Madame Rabenfels, or Madame Rabenfels to me? We are friends of course—I have a great many friends; but surely friends are left every day. The fact is, I should not have returned at all had not business obliged me.'

"'The Chanoinesse is dying, then?'

"'Yes, poor woman, I believe she is. The house is miserable in consequence; it is like a tomb. I shall be glad to get away. This sort of life suited me while I was disabled; but since, it has been the greatest bore; the first day I put my foot in the stirrup, about a week ago, I was resolved it should not last, and my aunt's illness has expedited my departure. I am sorry for poor Ida, though; for she will miss her home here and her aunt.'

"'Madame Rabenfels has been of very great use to her, to you,—indeed I may say, to all of us.'

"'Yes, she is a woman of great intelligence and powers of application. I soon discovered that, and made use of it accordingly, I came here to be near the Serranos. There had been a little coolness between us which I could only get over by seeing them constantly, though not at first under their own roof. My visit here has served two purposes. I have worked most diligently with Santa's help.'

"'And you and the Serranos are more intimate than ever. The affair has been well and cheaply managed, I must say. You may smile and shrug your shoulders, but it is the fact. Poor Madame Rabenfels!

'Qui plus y perd, plus y aime.'"

"Rupert laughed as he uttered this quotation from an old French song.

"'Is the rumor true, that instead of leaving her fortune to you, your aunt leaves it to Madame Rabenfels?'

"'It is; she only bequeathes the Schloss to me.'

"'I am sorry.'

"'Nay, I care not for myself, and I am well pleased that she leaves it to one who like will serve our cause, and who has been a daughter to her.'

"'Besides which, your are sure to be her husband's heir; there is no chance of a reconciliation in that quarter; I have taken care of that, by informing him of this free-and-easy life at Schloss Stein. The interpretation which was placed upon it by all who witnessed it, he is informed of through me, and I am quite sure that his large fortune will help our cause. He will never see her again, and at his death it will be yours.'

"Rupert sighed. Did he, remorseless as he was, feel a little conscience-stricken at this coldblooded villainy? It matters little: he listened to these infamous words, and acted as if they expressed his own sentiments.

"'To say the truth,' went on his friend, 'Madame Rabenfels is a woman I dislike. She is antagonistic to me in every way. Some persons praise her simplicity and intelligence. I could never discover anything in her but a certain hardness and force of character and will, which I supremely dislike in a woman. I can imagine her obtaining a great influence over some people, but I confess I always breathe more freely away from her; no woman should place herself so at war with the convenances of society as she does.'

"Again Rupert sighed. His friend pursued:

"'What will you do with your child? Had you not better leave her at the Serranos? And then her belongings can be sent after her.'

"'Yes, I think I shall do so.'

"'You will thus get rid of a scene: women always make scenes at parting. Have you any idea what Madame Rabenfels intends doing?'

"'None: but see, the dew is falling; let us go home.'

"'Stop, let me light my cigar.'

"I sank slowly down on the grass: how long I remained I know not: the stars were high and bright in the sky when I was conscious again. I staggered as I rose, and was as weak as if, after a twelvemonth's illness, I had risen from my bed. We hear of broken hearts, but that is a fable. My heart was wounded to the core. The wound is as fresh now as it was then—but it is not broken. The event of Rupert's departure was in itself nothing, but the few careless words with which he threw away a friendship which should have been life-long gave me the measure of his indifference, and gave me an insight into his character. To part me from Ida, and Ida from me, was as cruel as it was unnecessary. It was not, however, cruelty, it was simply the thoughtlessness of utter selfishness. Though my intelligence had always seen the faults in Rupert's self, my heart had refused to acknowledge or realize them in Ida's father. We are told we should trace in the lineaments of the present sinner the future seraph—those lineaments which exist in all, however faintly the outline may be preserved. I had certainly done this with him. I might compare the operation of my love for Ida on my estimate of Rupert's character to the effect of a stereoscope on a photograph—of itself, a cold flat portrait, but when we look through the glasses we see the same picture rounded into living beauty. It is a deception, we know, but through these glasses we can never see it otherwise.

"How shall I describe what I felt? I was alone. The life which had been so rich a few months back, and which might have been so still, for nothing need have been altered, even though Rupert's absence was necessary, was now an entire waste. The whole was an illusion. I had no longer a brother, a child. In truth I had never possessed them. Had this been a love disappointment, pride would have risen to my aid. I should have trampled it under my feet, and have stood strong, even on the ashes of my soul. But if the babe a mother has been nursing on her breast were suddenly to change into a serpent and to sting her, would not a mother's cry be heard? Where would be the pride then? I had so little that I was anxious to find myself in fault. I scrutinized myself severely, and found, of course, that I had not been perfect, but my faults had been like grains of sand in the great sea of love with which I had surrounded Rupert and his child. How diligently I sought to blame myself seems quite foolish now. Had he and I stood for one moment, in an equality of position, I could have borne up bravely; but I, I stood where I had been before, and where I should always be, for he had never loved me, and I had lost nothing; it was he, who had cast away an affection for him and his, which I had a mournful conviction he had not and could never inspire again. It required circumstances, as peculiar as those in which we were placed, to call it into being. If you stood with one you loved beside a precipice, firm and steadfast yourself, but he held only by your hand, what would be your feelings if in sheer wantonness he threw your hand aside and sank down before your eyes? I knew that Madame Serrano, with all her gentle blandishments, with all her delicate allurements, was not capable if able, or able if capable, to hold him up for a moment—she might fall with him, or separating herself from him, give impetus to his fall: she could do no more. To Ida she was entirely indifferent. She had children of her own: she had not that yearning towards a child which I, the childless and worse than widowed, had so long suffered from, and had so gladly satisfied, by holding Ida to my heart. For himself, also (though in a far less anxious manner), when I reflected on his future life and the many arid scenes of toil before him, linked as he was to a great but perhaps hopeless cause, I trembled, but what availed my help now. Yet I had given it, unselfishly, honestly, faithfully; many a week in which Rupert had regained the light-heartedness of his earlier youth, cheerfulness unusual to him, a buoyancy of heart and mind he might never again experience, attested this.

With this fatal love at his heart, even if free, how could he hope to find in another marriage, the happiness that his first had deprived him of. He had no heart with which to win a bride, and yet the parental affection which was his, as the sun shone on him without his yea or his nay, he closed his eyes to, and shut out from himself and from his child.

"I had a sufficient knowledge of the human heart to perceive that nothing is so odious to a man who loves one woman, than the fulsome love of another who would be a rival to her; but there was no challenge or emulation here, the territories of friendship and love are so wide apart. Love is not robbed because Friendship is enriched. Men do not forsake the ties of blood because they love, and my love had all the spontaneousness, but none of the exigencies, or a blood relationship.

"I know that a rose leaf dropped into a lover's hand by the one he loves, outweighs the sacrifice of a friend's whole life; nor do I blame this, for

"'Love should still be lord of all.'

I did not feel aggrieved at any preference of love over friendship. In my younger, happier days, I too had dreamed of love; a love which like light in a lamp, would give flame to my whole being, which should glorify me into beauty, exalt me into genius, sanctify me into goodness; but I had long known that this consummation of happiness was not to be mine in this life, and I could fancy I understood why. I had a latent capacity for happiness, which, had it received its full satisfaction, would have made me feel immortal; if I had tasted of that fruit, I should have dreamed I could not know death! My affection for Rupert had none of the elements of love in it; there was no appropriation in it; I never sought his sympathy; I was content to give him all mine; I knew his life throughout; and as to me, he knew and sought to know as little of my past, as if I had been born the day he arrived, and cared as little for my future as if I were to die the day he left.

"As soon as I reached the house I went to Ida's room. I threw myself on my child's bed, and buried my face in her little pillow. Indignation, resentment, disappointment, despair at the separation from Ida, compassion for myself, were all sunk into a stupified sense of misery, added to by a feeling of my own utter helplessness and the overwhelming cruelty of my other sorrows. My husband's bitter words returned to me. There seemed to be, in truth, a league against me of the powers of darkness; but the only distinct idea I could frame, the only articulate sound I could murmur, was 'Ida, Ida.' What was the use now of will, knowledge, and courage; I covered my face with my hands and prayed for patience, submission, faith. Suddenly a thought struck me. I rose from the bed; I went into the drawing-room. By the open window stood Rupert, alone. The moonlight fell on his face. He looked pale. I went up to him.

"'Leave me the child, Rupert,' I said gently.

"Had I broken in upon a love dream, that he started back with an expression of such astonishment, almost of fear?

"'Impossible!' he said, and left the room, but before he did so, my heart spoke out to his. He was stung to the soul, and never forgave me.

"What that night was—what were the following nights I passed for many a long month—I shudder to think of. Rupert left a few days afterwards; he could not even await his aunt's death; he was alienated and relentless to the last. A great flood had flowed between us; on my side, of the deepest sorrow; on his, of insurmountable aversion. I believe, firmly, that the very sight of my pale face, the silence and gloom which covered us both, as with a pall were odious to him. There is something, I suppose, exasperating and irritating in the sight of the grief which is caused by one's-self; yet how could I help it. I was hurt, and I bled; I had been struck, and I was bruised; I was wounded, and the gash was visible. The bitterness lay, perhaps, chiefly in the feeling that the whole had been a counterfeit. My weaknesses, as well as my qualities had been studied and made use of. The use was over, and I was cast aside without remorse. It was not an enemy who had done this, but my own familiar friend. No promise had been broken, no love betrayed, but the staff on which I leaned had shivered in my grasp. The tower I had built on the desert waste of my life, had as little foundation as a child's pack of cards. A breath had blown it down. Men and women do not play equally at this game of friendship. The initiative is never in our power. The veto is rarely left to us.

"He left with a few conventional words of ordinary good will, and so we parted. At first I suffered intensely, for I was bereaved indeed; but slowly the light dawned upon my soul that I had deserved all this! the fault was mine—a thousand times mine. I had been mistaken, Quixotic, besotted. I bowed my head in acceptance of sorrow.

"A few weeks afterwards the Chanoinesse died. She bequeathed the whole of her large property to me, with the exception of the Schloss, which she left to Rupert. As there was a probability of his return, I made my preparations and left Schloss Stein.

CHAPTER VIII.

"An impulse led me to Paris. In Paris there is so much to cure one of morbid self-contemplation. To make the best of my fate—to endure it in its length and breadth of privation—was my study. No resentment lived in my heart but regret, self-reproach, and self-condemnation. Towards Rupert my feelings were as little personally hostile as the patient's towards the instrument, by which he suffers amputation. To him it had been given to act the Nemesis towards me, but the faults that deserved that Nemesis were mine, not his.

"My life was spent in writing, reading, serving the cause to which I had bound myself. Of Rupert I never heard; our lives had dropped entirely apart. I had written several times to my husband; my letters were unanswered. My position, like all exceptional ones, invited calumny. Much could be written on the injustice of society in this respect; but until the whole education of women is reformed, so that their tastes, principles and habits are modified, I cannot wonder at the suspicion with which they are looked upon when they assert their independence. When we think on what principles they are guided in the selection of a husband, is it surprising that, alienated from him, they are supposed incapable of standing alone? There is more justice even in this world than we suspect. A true life always obtains the victory in the end.

"One day as I was returning to Paris after a fete champetre, and driving through a part of the city I had never passed before, there was a crowd assembled, and the carriage was stopped. I sent my servant to inquire the cause. A cart had driven by; the horse had become unmanageable, and in its furious plungings and rearings had knocked down a man who was passing. I told my servant to offer his assistance. He obeyed, and the next minute my own horses, impatient at the restraint, became suddenly ungovernable, and kicked in the most frightful manner. A charitable bystander opened the door of the carriage and assisted me out. I told my coachman to turn back, and find some bye-street which would bring him to a neighboring point where I could meet him, and I then tried to find my servant. This brought me into the midst of the crowd; and there, supported by two men, his eyes closed, and his cheeks white as ashes, I saw Rupert Rabenfels! The circle had been run—we met again. I went up to the men who supported him, and asked them where they intended taking him. They shrugged their shoulders.

"One said, 'We will look in his pocket and see if he has a card with any address; if not, we must take him to the hospital.' There was no card, but a pocket-book, on which was written a number and a street. 'You had best take him there first,' I said, with a calm voice. They obeyed me: at the same time a few francs to a commissioner brought back my carriage. We drove to his house; the porter recognized him. His room was on the fifth floor, and he was carried up and laid on his bed.

"I sent for a surgeon, dismissed the men, and was left alone. After awhile I looked round the room for some trace of Ida. There was none. Rupert was evidently alone. He must have been sent on some mission by that secret society to which he belonged, and which was as imperious as the Order of Jesus in its demands. It must have required the strictest incognito, and there was nothing in this poor room, with the evidences of daily labor in it, that could excite suspicion. At last the doctor came. He feared congestion of the brain from the fall and the blow; but was, on the whole, hopeful. For three days and three nights Rupert was delirious.—Strangely enough his child's name never came to his lips, but very often in thick, gasping accents that of Madame Serrano.

"At last he opened his eyes, and out of their dim and sunken pupils came a look of recognition.

"'Santa,' he said. There was no hesitation—a little distrust, but no surprise. It seemed natural for him to find me there.

"'Are you better?'

"'Thanks! But what is it? How is all this? You are very good,' he said, and I saw a blush rise to his temples.

"'Where is Ida?' I asked.

"'Ida, she is safe.'

"And then the past seemed to rush back upon him.

"From the day I found him, I had been cold and calm. It was a fellow-creature requiring assistance, and I rendered it as impassively as a Sister of Charity. He was silent, but his countenance assumed a great expression of pain. I rose and prepared to leave him. I told him I would send some one to attend to him, but during his delirium I had thought it best to remain myself. He thanked me absently.

"'Before you go, would you kindly open that desk?' he said, 'and give me two letters which are in it? It is of consequence they should be destroyed in case anything happens to me.'

"I went to the desk. The first thing which I saw was a miniature, which I recognized at once. It was a portrait of Madame Serrano. The painter had given the soft, beseeching smile of her witching lips. Beside it was a little sketch of Ida. At the sight of this I felt the floor sway to and fro beneath my feet; but, with an effort which sent all the blood to my heart, I took out the letters, closed the desk, and bade adieu to Rupert. He expressed no wish to see me again.

"On reaching the street I sent my servant for a fiacre, and went home well nigh broken-hearted. I could only call upon God, and shudder like a wounded animal under my pain.

"Pain! pain! pain! How mysterious it is that in the great ebb and flow of humanity one human being can have so great a power of torturing another. How infinite is that power, and how ruthlessly is it sometimes wielded! God help us! when, in the future world, we see what we have done, when the hearts we have wounded, and perhaps maddened, by our unkindness, are laid bare to us.

"I had not been dragged, however, through all this suffering without some fruit to my soul. I had too often gone over the fateful past not to have it written out as in a map before me—where I had erred—where I had been to blame; and if weak human nature revolted and said, 'Not from thy hand, Rupert, not from thy hand should come the punishment—spare me for thy child's sake!' my contrite and broken heart said, 'Oh, God! not my will, but Thine be done!'

"To overcome evil with good, and that at the price of any self-sacrifice, was now my enduring object. I went again to see Rupert. The consequences of the fall were different from what was expected. The brain had not suffered, but the whole general health was prostrated. The shock had produced great weakness, and he had broken a blood-vessel. He could not be moved, partly on account of his health, and partly on account of the rendezvous this miserable lodging was to men engaged like himself.

"I should never have known all this, unless after some days' struggle with myself before I could face the suffering of another meeting, I went to see him. The first glance at his face was enough. Rupert had not long to live. He knew it also.

"'I am glad you have come,' he said; 'there are some things I wish to do, and no one but you can help me. But the pain I endure obliges me to take opium. I am by day utterly unfitted for everything; about the evening I revive. There is another reason. Our companions come to me separately for a few minutes daily at the end of the day; I have to draw up a report of their progress and labors. These are secrets which I can trust to no one but you; do not be afraid of the hour, which you must make as late as possible. At certain distances you will be watched over by two of our associates, who, in different lodgings and in various streets, live in this vicinity. I would offer you an escort, but this might be of more disadvantage than benefit; and besides, it might be safest for your reputation'—with a sneer—'to have a defender in the worst streets, in case of necessity, instead of one and the same companion through the whole length of Paris.'

"'I am glad to serve you and yours,' I answered simply.

"I went every night. He maintained a distant aggrieved manner towards me. Once or twice I spoke of Ida. I besought him to let me have her.

"'To be taught to hate her father! No! Remember you told me you despised me.'

"I threw myself on my knees,—I entreated, I implored him. To have snatched away that child from the fate which would be hers, a poor orphan in this hard world, gave a frantic energy to my prayers. He would not hear me, and turned so pale that I feared the discussion would kill him.

"Twice did I try with the same result. My generosity seemed an offence towards him. It placed him at a disadvantage, and he rejoiced that a revenge was still in his power.

"Two nights ago I went to Rupert for the last time. I finished what he wished to have completed. He was dying, but there was a strange light in his eye as he followed my different movements. When all was put in order I approached him.

"'Thanks,' he said; 'and now farewell.'

"He held out his hand.

"Farewell! I cannot leave you yet, Rupert.'

"'Yes, you must leave me,' he said, distinctly and firmly; 'Madame Serrano will be here to-night; I must see her alone.'

"I stooped down; I kissed his death-cold forehead and obeyed him. You know the best. That night my brother arrived. The next night I went—Rupert had died alone! Madame Serrano had *not* arrived. When the servant went in the morning to see him, he found his master was dead.

"I have dwelt on these things to prove to you how little a woman's life can be judged either for good or ill by the world in general. It was not headlong passion, but presumptuous self-reliance, which has been my bane. That part of God's will which particularly concerned me, submission to a solitary and unloved life, I had revolted against, and the whole scope and result of that period, in which I was the servant of my own desires, was a proof of this. A life which has not its root in obedience to God, may be fair and apparently healthy, but it has no vitality; it is like those nosegays which the Florentine flower-girls offer you in their green Cascine, and which look brilliant and blooming, but each flower has been cut close to the blossom, and fastened on a dry stick, and it fades and perishes immediately. You may deduce this moral from my life. One can solve the enigma of human destiny with one answer alone—Resignation. When the human will unites itself, in obedience, to the Supreme and Divine will, from struggle is obtained victory, and it enters at once, according to Bossuet's magnificent expression, among the Powers of God.

"You see, my friend, for friend you are, I am different from what has been thought of me. My life, like that of many women, bears a strange resemblance to this memorial which I send to you to keep for my sake. It is a triptych, painted by Francia. Outwardly, it seems nothing but a jewelled case, as are often the prosperous externals of our conventional life. You open it. On one side is the 'Virgin and Child,' on the other, the 'Virgin by the Cross.' How often has it made me think not only of the wondrous mystery of our Redemption, but (not profanely let me whisper it), of woman's fate also. So do we all bear a love in our hearts, or on our bosoms (let us call it what we will, love, friendship, motherly, or sisterly love), a pure, childlike, immortal love, born, as we deem it, for the most god-like destiny; and, alas! how often do we not also stand by, and see it, when full grown to man's estate, crucified, dying, dead? The third phase, the centre, the glorified fruition, how few attain! I go to Rome to my duty—it is a forlorn hope—as such, I shrink from it less. But whatever may be my future fate, I will not forget your kindness. My life is, and has been, sufficiently lonely, for me to prize its few pleasures. There is so much to be done, to be learned, that I am less unhappy than you think.

"I know one thing, certainly, that if I were to die this instant, and meet Rupert face to face, before God, my affection towards him would need no purifying change. There is a consolation to me in this thought. Would I could feel as clearly innocent towards others. From the beginning my life has been wrong. I have been pure in thought and deed, and yet how erring. Submission to the will of God, patience in bearing trials which had been inflicted upon me, resignation, were all wanting. We can never be truly happy, till we learn to be content with unhappiness. To will, to know, to dare, is but half our duty in this world. To yield, to forego, to endure, complete the circle. The laws of society are at fault in much that affects the destiny of woman, I know—and when these laws are brought more into conformity with good sense and true religion, the fate of women will be externally happier; but the war we all have is not so much with the foes without, as with that deadliest foe within ourselves, the Self of each. We ought not to seek to embroider the tapestry of our lives according to our own will, but according to a divine pattern. I was right to choose my self-imposed exile, in preference to the danger of sin; it was not right afterwards to refuse to return to my husband. I have been humbled to the dust, and I may now do better.

"I am writing to you alone, and with this letter concludes the second phase of my life. I shall often think of you. Every good, every evil hour, before it passes away, digs its own grave, and prepares its own mourner. I will remember you always, and it is well for me I have known you. I have had a greater faith in the unselfishness of human nature since. But I must now close this record of faults, errors, and sufferings. I would say judge me leniently; but no, judge me truly. Proud Spirit be still, strong Heart surrender, impatient Will, learn to endure!

"Let me hear from you often. Our lives flow in such different channels that absence will gradually produce its usual effect. Believe me, *you* will change. But you have touched *me* too, nearly in one of the fatal moments of my life, not to retain a place in my grateful regard. I shall still continue to serve the cause to which Rupert bound me. It is a holy one! Farewell, and God bless you."

What I felt on reading this letter may be imagined. I loved her, and have loved none since.

Three years later, I received a packet from Rome, addressed to Walter Seymour. It contained the bracelet. Under the word *Volere* was inscribed, in small letters, *Rinunziare*—under, *Sapere*, *Obbedire*, under *Ardire*, *Soffrire*. Santa Rabenfels had died in Rome.

Many years have passed since then, and I have lived through the grief which then bowed me to the earth; but her memory is not wholly submerged beneath the sea of my present life, its priceless pearl is an ever-new treasure and delight. I think of her, I think I see her, I fancy I hear her speak, and my life is evermore enriched by the unspeakable boon of having known and valued her. From her I have learned the widest indulgence for others, the severest judgment for myself. When I hear women condemned, slandered, belied, I throw myself into the breach to defend them. I remember her,—like her they may be innocent, like her they may have been wronged. When my heart would weep tears of blood, when I think she is dead, and that one of the noblest of God's creatures was cut off ere her sad, incomplete life had apparently found its fulfillment, I correct myself. There was an imperfect rhythm in her life here, which could be harmonized into melody in the immortal life alone. [THE END.]

☞ Modesty in woman is like color on her cheek—decidedly becoming, if not put on.

IN AND AROUND WASHINGTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY SOLUS.

THE CHAIN BRIDGE—THE "LITTLE FALLS"—AN ADVENTURE.

The utmost vigor is still enforced by the military authorities here, with regard to crossing into Virginia from Washington. Without a pass it is impossible; and, unless some urgent reason is given, a pass cannot be obtained. The bridges are all closely guarded. A rebel rat, much less a man, could not go backwards or forwards without being stopped by the soldiers on duty. A continued line of camps and forts also lie on both sides of the river.

Besides the "Long Bridge," and the "Aqueduct Bridge," at Georgetown, three miles further up the river is the "Chain Bridge." This last is not really a *chain bridge*, as its name would indicate. There was originally such a bridge at this crossing, but it was washed away—and its successor retained the old name. The Chesapeake and Ohio canal runs along the side of the river above Georgetown, and the Potomac dwindles in width to a size no wider than the Schuylkill is at Philadelphia. The scenery is wild and hilly.

At the "Chain Bridge" the water rushes through a narrow pass of rocks, causing, what is called the "Little Falls." The light, graceful, splendid bridge, is, however, of great length, and crosses over river, canal, and a long intervening extent of rock, ground, and marsh that lies between.

Tempted by a desire to see these "Falls," I lately walked the three miles from Georgetown, and arrived at the bridge. The canal is here a full quarter of a mile from the river, and from its outer bank I could not even see the Potomac at all; for, hissing like a snake low in the grass, it swept on through the narrow defile of rocks, and was concealed by the bushes on its side.

I climbed a high hill, but could not even then obtain the view I wished. I afterwards raised myself up on the trunk of a tree, about the height of a table, that had been left standing with other trunks on the top of the hill—which had been partially cleared for the purpose of commanding the surrounding country by means of artillery—and looked out from this high position eagerly, with all my eyes, for the "Falls." The silver thread of the river was so slender and hidden, that I was again disappointed; and I reluctantly concluded to give the matter up. I then made use of my recent smooth standing place, the tree's trunk, to write upon;—for I had innocently, at odd intervals, been in the habit of writing as the mood took me "about the things I saw in Washington." This paper, when finished, it was my virtuous intention to beguile some verdant newspaper editor, if possible, into publishing. The view around was glorious, and sights and sounds all inspiriting. I took out my pencil and paper. Little did I think that eye-glasses were bearing full upon me and my harmless occupation.

After being thus employed for some time, and vastly enjoying the view, I slowly descended the hill, having made up my mind to foot it back to Georgetown, and acknowledge a defeat in attaining the object of my walk.

The hill I had climbed was a short distance *above* the bridge. When I again got opposite it, the desire to see the "Falls" revived so strongly that I resolved to make one more last attempt, and, walking up to the guard, asked permission:—

"Only to go on the bridge for a little while. I didn't want to go over. I only wanted to see the view from there."

The corporal in charge told me it was "against orders," and put his gun in a horizontal position as if to stop my advance. A gun, I humbly confess, always did frighten me. No matter if presented sideways, butt, or muzzle. I wished I hadn't asked, and that I was miles away.

I tried, however, to look braver than I felt, and told him—"A guard might go with me. I had walked a long distance from Georgetown to see the 'Falls,' and now I couldn't get near them—couldn't see them at all."

An incredulous smile played on his sinister, surly face. "Georgetown don't lie that 'ere a' way;" and he significantly pointed in the direction of the hill I had just descended, while the bayonet of his gun approached so near my person that I made a jump instinctively to one side.

"I know it doesn't," I said in reply. "I only went up there to see—"

"You only did, to *see!*—hey?" he quickly interrupted my speech by saying, and said it in a jeering, insolent tone. He smiled, too, with a malicious cunning that I thought devilish.

Another soldier seated on the bridge railing, with physiognomy as unpleasing as the corporal's, had been listening to the conversation. He now broke out with a tremendous oath, and said:

"These fellows that always want to *see* are not to be trusted." He then shouted in a loud voice for the "lieutenant," who hurriedly came out of a tent, with his sword on, looking as if he thought the rebels had really come, and as if he expected, too, to capture old "Stonewall" himself. I felt as if I were in the hands of the Philistines. He asked:

"What's the cursed row?"

I meekly told him the request I had made of the guard, and urged a compliance with it. I have no doubt my manner was somewhat excited, and that I looked strangely. When accused of anything, or even if I think I am suspected, I always do *look* guilty. I remember once, when first out as an apprentice in the world, at my master's some spoons were stolen, and, though innocent as a new-fledged dove, until the thief was discovered I didn't like to hear anything said about the lost spoons. When they were mentioned I always blushed scarlet.

The officer told me it would be impossible for him "to permit me to go on the bridge." His manner was as decided as his words. He eyed me also, I thought, with a lurking suspicion that all was not right; and as I turned to leave the bridge my heart went "pit-a-pat" considerably faster than it usually does.

Just then a horse and rider came galloping down the hill from the Virginia side, and noisily clattered over the bridge. The horseman asked for "the lieutenant in command," and handed him a slip of paper.

This I rather gathered than saw, for my back was turned, and I was some paces off on my "skedadling" way from whence I came, and that at a rate approaching "double quick."

The first thing I knew there was a loud cry, from several voices, of "stop!" "halloo! stop!" and two guns passed over my shoulders, just brushing me, and then diagonally crossing towards each other formed a point in front, beyond which I could not advance. Heavens! I was a caught prisoner.

I was brought back to where the lieutenant stood, who looked at me now with undisguised suspicion in his gaze. The corporal and his noisy friend did not, either of them, attempt to conceal in the least the malevolence they felt. The soldier who brought the slip of paper sat on his horse near the lieutenant, wiping the perspiration off his face. I plainly heard him say, in what he meant for a whisper:

"That's the man. I saw him through the captain's glass. Half-a-dozen officers were looking at him."

All the soldiers, some twelve I should think, gathered around, completely enclosing me in an anaconda fold.

"This matter, my sir, is more serious than I expected," were the words with which in a stern and rather insolent voice the lieutenant addressed me.

I waited, without speaking, for him to say something more. My neck tie grew uncomfortably tight. Thought meanwhile took a rapid and wide range. I had a kind of vision of a "drum-head" court martial. Unconsciously I directed my eyes to the tall trees near, and wondered if it could be I should dangle from one of them, an innocent Major Andre? But no! that villainous-looking corporal with a half-dog, half-wolfish mouth, and black, tobacco-stained teeth, and his chum friend with same sort of mouth and teeth, they would certainly prefer shooting, or would rather *bayonet* me! The idea was a kind of relief.

And then when my sad end would be known by my friends, I thought of Mrs. Solus, and the seven young Soluses, formed in a tableaux group, after the "John Rodgers at the stake" fashion, with an additional prominent figure in the background—my precious mother-in-law, the scales fallen from her vision, that had obscured her perception of my many good qualities, weeping, too, with a white handkerchief at her eyes, that looked like a flag of truce. Thoughts passed through me about all things past, present, and future;—serious and comic. It seemed an age, and I knew it was scarcely a minute. The whole danger I was in—the various points of evidence on which the case rested—all flashed, like lightning, through my brain.

I remained firm in my determination to wait until the officer should again speak. At last he said insolently,

"Why don't you say something, sir?"

I felt indignant, and I have no doubt looked so, too, as well as scared, as I answered:—

"I have nothing to say. You have arrested me without cause, and have brought no charge against me."

He was taken a little a-back. I saw it by the irresolute manner the slip of paper was now held in his hand, though he tried to give his face a fiercer expression than ever.

"We believe you are a white-livered, mealy-mouthed, rank secessionist and spy!" violently interposed number two of the dog-and-wolf mouth, and the creature showed his discolored fangs so plainly, that I almost fancied he was going to turn into a wild beast, as did once the pretended grandmother of Little Red Riding Hood, in the bright country of early childhood.

The corporal now broke in, too, determined not to be outdone, hissing his words out in snake-like accents:—

"Yes, you *darned*, infernal cuss! I knowed you was a spy the moment I laid my eyes on you and your owl specks."

The fellow spirted tobacco juice out of his mouth like a lemonade fountain in his utter detestation of me, as he enunciated this speech, and for a considerable time afterwards. I have no doubt he thought he was giving in this way an emphatic vent to his patriotism. The other soldiers looked on with an expression on their faces as fierce as hate and passion could write there. I was among the wolves.

The corporal didn't exactly say "darned." He made use of a stronger word, of such awful meaning, when literally taken, that I can never bring myself to speak or write it. This habit is the effect of having read when a boy "The Swearer's Prayer," an issue of the American Tract Society, printed on one side of a leaf, and once extensively scattered over the land. I wish that every boy in the army had read it when young.

The great Bull Eye of hope that had just begun to open its lids upon me when I saw the uncertain way the lieutenant's hand held on to the slip of paper did not again shut. He was the controlling power, and I felt some how I could work him. I thought to do as little talking myself as possible would be wise, knowing that if you wish to have effect over angry men, the best plan is to let first the high-pressure steam blow off. I held my tongue.

"This slip of paper," said the lieutenant, "is an order from my colonel on the other side of the river, to keep 'a look-out over you,' and if necessary make an arrest. You were seen by means of field glasses taking a sketch of our forts and camps on yonder hill. It looks black, sir—it does. Darn me, if it doesn't!" and he warmed considerably

He didn't say "darned," either. The Swearer's Prayer was a neglected part of his education also.

"Yes, the rascal ought to be hung!" rose like an infernal chorus from all the soldiers, the corporal being chief chorister. Not one of them but would have volunteered, indeed would have coveted, the office of executioner.

Now, I never did draw anything. I never could. I knew what I had written on the paper, and felt assured at this stage the affair would end with nothing more disagreeable than my being strictly searched. The Bull's Eye opened wider.

"I have not the slightest objection to your seeing the paper on which I wrote some sentences when up on top of the hill. It is no sketch of forts, however." Saying this, I took out of my hat the paper, and handed it to the lieutenant.

"This is the paragraph I last wrote," I continued. "You see it is in pencil, the rest is in ink." I pointed the place out with my finger. I watched him as he read it, as did all of the ferocious looking company by which I was surrounded.

His face had an angry look on it when he took the paper out of my hand. That was succeeded by a puzzled look; then a smile gradually broke over it, and he turned the sheet over and said to me, with a slight nod,

"With your permission, sir."

The guard looked puzzled now, but their stern bearing towards me did not change. At last, after reading it all through, he said:—

"Boys, we have made a mistake. This man is no spy or secessionist either. I think he writes for the newspapers—"

The corporal's chum here interrupted—

"I knowed he's something bad. A newspaper writer's as bad or worse than a rebel—" The fellow I believe actually thirsted for my blood. I moved involuntarily further from him.

"Silence, sir! Do not interrupt me when I am speaking," and the officer turned fiercely on him. He then in a milder tone of voice said, looking at the soldiers, "Boys, I will read you what was written by him on the hill." He read now from the paper, "'It does the heart good to see "the old flag" wave from so many flag staffs. On the hills around where I am now writing the white tents of soldiers are pitched, looking like dottings of hope in a green landscape. I hear patriotic songs sung by soldiers on guard—see the glitter of their bayonets flash in the sunshine as they pass in the drill—the tap of the drum comes from over the other side of the river—and, rolling down through hills further off along the channel's course, I hear "Yankee Doodle" played by drum and fife. We have still a glorious army, brave-hearted, and now full of hope because their beloved chieftain, General George B. McClellan, is to lead them on again.'"

There seemed a magic influence in the name of McClellan. "Three cheers for McClellan!" shouted out one of the "boys," which were given with a hearty good will; and then "three times three" over again. The letter reading was completely interrupted, and the officer joined as lustily as the men in the huzzas. The tide had changed. The Bull's Eye was as big and bright as a locomotive's in a dark night.

The soldiers crowded up to me to shake hands; offered me a drink out of their canteens; begged my pardon, and told me "always to go it strong for McClellan, for 'he's the boy for us.'"

I thought it best to undergo the process of handshaking, but I could not for the life of me return an answering pressure when my hand was clasped in the vice-grasp of the corporal and his brother chum, whose fingers but a few, a very few minutes before had longed to play so cruelly about my throat.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 6, 1862.

---

* This paper has never been published. Mrs. Solus took possession of it and won't let me have it.

"Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost—an angel fled
To the azure over head!)

"Touch us gently, Time;
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, *our* content,
Lie in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we
O'er life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime—
Touch us gently, gently, Time!"

—*Barry Cornwall.*

☞ A person who attempted to escape the draft became terribly excited, and actually changed his name, took his horses and forthwith engaged on the canal in order to escape the conscription. He had been at work only a couple of weeks when he met his death by drowning.

☞ In New Hampshire they raise tomatoes which weigh two pounds each. Captain Hill, of the New Jersey Central Railroad, can beat this, as he is said to have grown tomatoes which require to be sawed and split as we saw and split pine knots, before they can be reduced to a size sufficiently small for cooking.

☞ Sir Astley Cooper said—"The methods by which I have preserved my own health are, temperance, early rising, and sponging the body every morning with cold water, immediately after getting out of bed; a practice which I have adopted for thirty years without ever catching cold."

☞ A SENSIBLE BOY.—A little boy once said to his aunt, "Aunty, I should think that Satan must be an awful trouble to God." "He must be trouble enough, indeed, I should think," she answered. "I don't see how he came to turn out so, when there was *no devil to put him up to it.*"

AN ACCOMMODATING JUDGE.

[The European periodicals often contain very curious stories relative to what their correspondents have seen in America. The following is one of the latest. It will do.—ED. SAT. EVE. POST:]

Throughout the western and south-western portions of the United States the inhabitants possess certain peculiar characteristics, which in all ages and in almost every country have marked those living midway between savage and civilized life. This is more particularly the case with the hunters and trappers who follow their calling in the Far West, as it is termed, and whose virtues and whose vices alike are not those of the "dwellers in cities." In them personal courage and endurance, fidelity to their word, and a certain rude simplicity of character are frequently found in conjunction with a total disregard for those laws by which society, in more settled communities, provides for its own security. Their code of morality is, in fact, their own; and occasionally, as will be seen by the following narrative, may lead a man, who obeys its dictates, into the perpetration of a great crime, for the purpose of avoiding the commission of what, in comparison, might be termed a venial error:

About eight years ago I had occasion to travel through several of the southern states, for the purpose of collecting various debts due to a large Boston dry-goods house, of which I was one of the clerks. While in Texas, I stopped one evening at a small town, called Jackson, near the Mexican frontier, and put up for the night at the only hotel the place could boast. I had just seated myself at supper, when the door opened, and a tall, strongly-built man entered the room. He was clothed in the usual hunter's costume, viz., a tight-fitting buckskin hunting-shirt, with leggings and moccasins of the same material. A belt of undressed deer-skin, buckled round his waist, supported a heavy Colt's revolver on one side, while on the other was suspended a leather sheath, containing a bowie-knife of formidable dimensions. He placed the rifle he carried in his hand against the wall, and then proceeded to take off the belts which hung over his brawny shoulders, sustaining his shot-pouch and powder-horn, which were curiously wrought and evidently the work of some Mexican artist. Having thus relieved himself, the stranger drew a stool up to the fire, and placing his muscular hands on his thighs, seemed to peer with his keen eyes into the crackling fire, which roared up the chimney.

As he had not saluted me when he entered, as is usual in that section of the country, I took no further notice of him; for I presumed his want of success in hunting had put him in an ill-humor, and it was not improbable that if he discovered my gaze fixed pertinaciously upon him he might be disposed to fasten a quarrel upon me. I therefore directed my attention exclusively to the meal before me, but the knife and fork almost fell from my hands as his stentorian voice struck upon my ear; and, in spite of myself, a slight tremor stole through me as I heard the awful tone in which he spoke the last word.

"Landlord, give me some liquor—I have *money!*"

The landlord glanced at his guest, and hesitated for a moment, but the stranger raised his eyes; the effect was magical; in an instant a well-filled whiskey bottle and a tin tumbler were placed beside him.

"Landlord, hang that on the rifle; but stop, give me the knife first."

And he handed the waistbelt, pistol and scabbard to the host, whilst he thrust the knife in the bosom of his hunting-shirt. As the innkeeper was obeying the bidding of his strange visitor, the latter poured the tumbler full of whiskey, and tossed it off at a draught.

"Landlord," he said again, "I want something to eat—I've money for that, too."

There was a deep tone in his voice as he uttered these words, that disturbed me strangely.

An additional plate was placed on the table, and the stranger seated himself opposite to me. He had a fine face—a careless independence in it which I liked; but the courteous manner in which he said: "I hope I ain't one too many here, stranger," excited my surprise. I assured him that his company was agreeable to me rather than otherwise, as I disliked eating alone.

"Enough said," answered he, "there's my fist," and we shook hands across the table.

His appetite was in proportion to his bulk, and we scarcely spoke again until after supper, when he commenced a conversation, from which I discovered him to be a man of unusual natural ability, although rough and uncultivated.

During our dialogue, I evidently made a favorable impression upon him, and, in return for my courtesy, he recounted many deer, wolf, and bear hunts, with such power that I was delighted. The conversation, however, after a time flagged, and I fell into a train of musing on the business which had led me to that part of the country. A gloom gradually settled over the face of my companion, from which, when I observed it, I endeavored in vain to rouse him. He answered me courteously, to be sure, but very abruptly; and every now and then he had recourse to the bottle until it was emptied.

"Landlord, fetch me more liquor," he called out authoritatively; and he drank more and more, till finally he fell from his stool; and, as I retired to bed in an adjoining room, I heard his snoring ring through the inn.

Being much fatigued, having travelled forty miles on horseback during the day, I slept until I felt a hand grasping my arm—opening my eyes, I saw the sun shining through the window, and my companion of the previous evening standing beside me.

"Stranger," said he, "excuse me, but I saw last night that you was a whole-souled fellow, and I want you to go with me."

"Where to?" I asked.

"The justice's," he replied.

"What for?"

"I've got something on my mind—it must out—I tried liquor last night, but couldn't keep it down. I ain't a drinking man, no how, and I feel like a dog. Come along with me and be my friend."

There was a bold frankness in his manner that I could not withstand. I accordingly rose and dressed myself, and we walked, together, to the house of the justice, who lived about half-a-mile from the hotel. He sent down word to us that he would be up in a couple of hours.

"But tell him," said my acquaintance, to the servant, "I want to see him on a matter of life or death."

"Da's no use o' dat," grinned the slave, "massa don't care 'bout life and death till he get him sleep out."

We left the house, but John Rolfe, as my companion called himself, made no further allusion to the nature of his business than to say, in answer to my inquiries, "When we see the judge you'll know all."

We returned to breakfast, and I observed that Rolfe refused the morning dram proffered him by the landlord, and ate sparingly. Something was evidently preying on his mind, and I anxiously awaited the hour when I should receive an explanation of the mystery.

The time came, and we were admitted into the presence of the dispenser of justice, who was a gentleman of wealth and education, rotund in person, and apparently on excellent terms with himself and the world.

"Well," said the judge, "what's the matter?"

"Why, you see," replied Rolfe, "three days ago I came down the river to Madison to sell my furs and skins. I made a pretty good trade, but that very night I lost my whole pile at poker. I was dead broke, and hadn't a confounded cent left. Well, the next morning, early, I started for this place, and, as I wouldn't chisel, I went without eating the whole day. I slept in the woods, and yesterday morning I got up as hungry as a painter,* and as I walked along thinks I, what am I to do? I never see game so scarce; there warn't so much as a squirrel to be found. I'm above cheating any man out of a dinner, but I felt that a dinner I must have. Just then a fellow comes riding along the road. I talked to him, and tried to borrow, swearing to pay, at any place he might name, in a week; but the critter told me he paid his way out of his own pocket, and he'd too little to divide.

"'How much have you got?' says I.

"'Two-fifty,' says he.

"'Now,' thinks I, 'that is too little to divide.' So while he was looking another way, I shoots him through the head, and gin him as decent burial as I could under an old log, and took the two dollars and a half. But it won't do; my conscience misgives me. I'm sorry for it, and wish the feller had his money back if he could only be alive. But, between you and *I*, as it's too late for that, I think I ought to be hung."

The judge called his black boy, ordered three pipes and tobacco, and we smoked in silence.

"Then you really think you ought to be hung," he said, with some compassion, as he whiffed a cloud of smoke towards the ceiling.

"I do, in fact," answered Rolfe, emitting a similar volume of vapor.

The judge smoked, and considered again.

"Well, we'll try to hang you," he added.

There was gratitude in Rolfe's eye, as he replied:

"Thank you, that'll ease my conscience."

The judge knocked the ashes from his pipe and spoke:

"Well, come here in half an hour. I'll try to get a jury."

Rolfe and myself, laying our pipes on the table, were about leaving, when the judge asked us to take a drink, which having done, we bade him good morning.

At the expiration of the half hour we returned, when we found twelve men smoking and drinking with the magistrate, awaiting us. We were politely requested to sit down.

"Now," said Judge J———, addressing himself to Rolfe, "tell these gentlemen what you have already told me."

Whereupon Rolfe repeated the statement he had before made.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the first speaker, "I wish you to say if this gentleman—Mr. Rolfe, your name is, eh? well, there's some fine old brandy, make yourself perfectly at home—whether, gentlemen, you find John Rolfe guilty, or not guilty, of murder. In addition to what he has said, I will observe, for your information, that I have sent out, and have found the body just where he stated it to be."

The jury smoked, rose up, took a little brandy-and-water, and then sat down again, and smoked in silence for some time. At last, one of them, who appeared to be the foreman, said:

"The case is tolerably clear, and we rather think he's guilty."

"There's more tobacco on the table," said the judge to Rolfe, "the best you can find anywhere—you've heard what these gentlemen have said—well," he continued, a little uneasily, "I don't like to tell you in my own house; but—"

"Let that be no hindrance," replied Rolfe, refilling and lighting his pipe.

"Well, then," said the judge, "come here at twelve o'clock to-morrow, and I'll have you hung."

Rolfe looked disconcerted, and appeared mortified at the idea of asking a favor.

"You—you have been so kind to me," said he, "that I hardly like to ask you for anything more."

"Not at all," replied the judge, "out with it; you are welcome to it before you ask."

"Well," said Rolfe, "I wish—to-morrow is my ague day, and the shakes comes on at eleven—if you would be so good as to hang me at ten."

---

* This word is in common use, throughout the West, for panther.

"With the greatest pleasure," answered the good-hearted judge, shaking Rolfe by the hand, "ten let it be."

Accordingly, John Rolfe returned to the inn—paid up his bill—and the next morning was hung as the clock struck ten.

W. C. M.

FROM "YANKEE NOTIONS."

The Lightest of all Garments.—A *shift* of the wind.

The "Pink of Fashion."—Rouge.

A great Game in a small Compass.—Cricket on the hearth.

If a woman wants to put her adorer in a precious pickle, all she has to say is—*man go.*

Question for Chemists.—Can you get *petroleum* oil out of a policeman?

Leaves that are least becoming to a Warrior's brow.—Leaves of absence.

An Impossibility.—An ugly baby.

Whatever the priests may say, there's no harm in *darning hole-y* things.

Our Cockney contributor, who has recently been shaved at a mock auction concern, sends us the following:—"Ven you vants to be *did*, go to a public vendoo."

When Pennsylvania was called upon to take part in the great War drama, seventy-five thousand men appeared before the *Curtain!*"

Facts from History.—We are indebted to *Friar Bacon* for gunpowder, and to *Pig Iron* for cannon balls.

Strategy being the order of the day, we must no longer swear "by Gemini!" but by Jomini.

Spell the fate of all earthly things with two letters,—D. K.

From the "glass of fashion" in the bar-room, it is but a short cut to the "*mould* of form" in the graveyard.

A Fort that is too much Stormed now-a-days.—The piano forte.

The French say that the flesh of a young horse is as good as that of a calf, but upon the whole, we prefer *veal to too!*

The largest parties in all countries are not the Aristocracy, nor the Democracy, but the Mediocracy.

There are ties which should never be severed, as the ill-used wife said when she found her brute of a husband hanging in the hay loft.

"In wine there is truth," says the Latin proverb; but the chemists have discovered that wine is often adulterated with *lye.*

Fatal to Fish.—Lively worms.

Fatal to Man.—*Still-worms.*

The best "essence" for sick people is conval-escence.

The Heaviest Draft on Record.—The miraculous draft of fishes.

The coolest word in the French language.—*Ice.*

Wanted for Microscopic Purposes.—The sting of Remorse.

Quite Natural.—When the rebels "ran like sheep," they "fled towards *Shepherd's town.*

A Closing Compliment for Jeff.—Whatever the North may have thought of Mr. Davis heretofore, it now considers him a *finished* gentleman.

"Over the left," the cant phrase implying falsehood, has been abandoned for the more emphatic and significant expression "Over the wires!"

"Blessed if I mustn't take care of Number 1!" as Stonewall Jackson said when proceeding to "*dam* Number 4."

THE REBEL LADY.

Silent the lady sat alone:
In her ears were rings of dead men's bone:
The brooch on her breast shone white and fine—
'Twas the polished joint of a Yankee's spine;
And the well-carved handle of her fan
Was the finger bone of a Lincoln man.
She turned aside a flower to cull
From a vase which was made of a human skull;
For to make her forget the loss of her slaves,
Her lovers had rifled dead men's graves.
Do you think I'm describing a witch or a ghoul?
There are no such things—and I'm not a fool:
Nor did she reside in Ashantee:
No—the lady fair was an F. F. V.

☞ We get some great news occasionally up this way, which doesn't stand confirmation; but Richmond beats us, as for instance:—The Richmond Whig of the 8th September published an extra announcing that Kirby Smith had captured Covington, crossed the Ohio, and demanded the surrender of Cincinnati, which demand had been complied with.

☞ FARINACEOUS GUNPOWDER.—Some German chemists are said to have discovered that starch, by being peculiarly treated with nitric acid, becomes converted into an explosive substance which promises to supersede common gunpowder. This starch, if employed for warlike purposes, will prove a stiffener for many a tall fellow.

☞ A man of property, whose health happened to give way under long-continued intemperance, consulted Dr. S., who said, "I can cure you if you will do as I bid you." His patient promised obedience. "Now," said the doctor, "you must steal a horse. Yes—you must steal a horse. You will be arrested, convicted, and placed in a situation where your diet and regimen will be such that in a short time your health will be perfectly restored."

☞ A man who had been quaffing porter till he was completely drunk, hiccupped out that porter was both *meat* and *drink.* Soon after, going home, he tumbled into a *ditch*, on which a companion who was leading him observed, that it was not only *meat* and *drink*, but *washing* and *lodging* also.

☞ A wealthy Liverpool merchant, who died some years ago, and who started in life as a poor boy, was once asked, "How is it that you have been so successful?" "By *one* word," replied the great merchant—"by CIVILITY."

☞ We read that in the rebel Congress Mr. *Sparrow* presented a *bill*, and Mr. *Foote walked* into Gen. Huger.

GEN. McCLELLAN'S ORDER.

THE SUBORDINATION OF THE MILITARY TO THE CIVIL POWER, THE FUNDAMENTAL RULE OF THE REPUBLIC.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, } Camp near Sharpsburg, Md., Oct. 7, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDER No. 163.—The attention of the officers and soldiers of the army of the Potomac is called to General Order No. 139, War Department, Sept. 24, 1862, publishing to the army the President's proclamation of Sept. 22. A proclamation of such grave moment to the nation, officially communicated to the army, affords to the General Commanding an opportunity of defining specifically to the officers and soldiers under his command the relation borne by all persons in the military service of the United States toward the civil authorities of the Government.

The Constitution confides to the civil authorities, legislative, judicial and executive, the power and duty of making, expounding, and executing the Federal laws. Armed forces are raised and supported simply to sustain the civil authorities, and are to be held in strict subordination thereto in all respects. This fundamental rule of our political system is essential to the security of our republican institutions, and should be thoroughly understood and observed by every soldier.

The principle upon which, and the objects for which, armies shall be employed in suppressing the rebellion must be determined and declared by the civil authorities; and the Chief Executive, who is charged with the administration of national affairs, is the proper and only source through which the views and orders of the Government can be made known to the armies of the nation. Discussion by officers and soldiers concerning public measures determined upon and declared by the Government when carried at all beyond the ordinary temperate and respectful expression of opinion, tend greatly to impair and destroy the discipline and efficiency of the troops, by substituting the spirit of political faction for that firm, steady, and earnest support of the authority of the Government, which is the highest duty of the American soldier. The remedy for political errors, if any are committed, is to be found only in the action of the people at the polls.

In thus calling the attention of this army to the true relation between the soldier and the Government, the General Commanding merely adverts to an evil against which it has been thought advisable during our whole history to guard the armies of the Republic; and in so doing he will not be considered by any right-minded person as casting any reflection upon loyalty and good conduct, which have been so fully illustrated upon so many battle-fields. In carrying out all measures of public policy, this army will, of course, be guided by the same rules of mercy and Christianity that have ever controlled its conduct toward the defenceless. By command of Major-Gen. McCLELLAN,

Jas. A. Hardee, Lieut.-Col., Aid-de-Camp, and A. A. A. G.

THE SCHEME FOR COLONIZING THE SOUTHERN STATES.

Hon. Eli Thayer's scheme for the colonization, by armed men, of the Southern states, meets with much favor from the President, Secretary of War, and the other secretaries, has been discussed several times in the Cabinet meetings, and will probably soon receive formal official sanction. The project contemplates an expedition by 10,000 colonists, enlisted for six months, and supplied with transportation, subsistence, arms, and a general, by the government, whose business it shall be to "hold, occupy and possess the public lands of Florida, and other lands belonging to rebels, and seized under the law of the last session of Congress for the non-payment of the direct tax." Mr. Thayer promises, if allowed to carry out his plan in its entirety, to bring Florida into the Union as a free state by the 1st of February next. Texas and Virginia are already talked of as states to be subjected to the same process. This, like the proclamation of this morning, will be another step in the path of a more vigorous policy which the Administration in its proclamation of freedom advertised that it should henceforth pursue.—*Wash. Corres. Tribune.*

I am informed by a gentleman high in the confidence of the Administration, that the President has had in contemplation for some time, and will shortly issue another highly important proclamation. It may therefore be expected at any moment. It will proclaim the state of Florida at once to be under the jurisdiction of the Federal government, inviting, at the same time, all free laborers from the North and West, white and black, to settle in said state, for the purpose of cultivating cotton. The President will guarantee them ample protection by both the army and navy. The state Constitution is to be set aside for the present, and the state reduced to a territorial condition, and governed accordingly. It is said that this is only initiating a policy which is to be largely adopted hereafter, if it should prove successful. The President hopes by this means to make ample provision for the cultivation of cotton, not only for our domestic wants, but to supply foreign governments, thereby obviating the necessity for intervention.—*Wash. Corres. Herald.*

PHILADELPHIA OYSTER TRADE.—Over three hundred boats, large and small, with crews of from four to twelve men each, are engaged in bringing oysters to the Philadelphia market. These boats are absent, on an average, two weeks on each trip, and carry from thirty to sixty thousand oysters, about half of which are consumed in this city, the balance being sent East and West, principally to the West; however, one oyster pickler shipping West, each week, over one million of these luscious bivalves. Many of the boats are owned by capitalists and forwarders, who hire the captains and crews, one-third of the proceeds going to the owners, the other two-thirds to those who "go down to the sea" in the boats.

The oysters are caught in the spring and "planted" in the coves, the best variety being obtained at Morris river cove. They mature in one season, and an infant oysterling of one inch in circumference will grow in the summer months to the due and fat proportions of "three for a fip." The Baltimore and New York oyster *shells* are claimed to be the largest, but "Delaware coves" are said to yield more meat of a finer flavor than any other plant. The fishing is kept up all winter, if the ice permits, and as salt water seldom freezes to the same extent as fresh. Even when the river is blocked up with ice the oysters are caught and shipped to the city by land. Since the completion of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad large quantities have been brought to the city as freight, and when the Cape May Railroad is finished there can be no possibility of a scarcity in the supply, as that will skirt the favorite fishing grounds. The price, at this season of the year, averages $3,50 for "primes" and $1,50 for "culings."

☞ Delona and Gravity are among the queer Christian names which have fallen under our eye recently. The are both of the masculine gender.

A REPORTED IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN NAVAL WARFARE.

Correspondence of the Boston Traveller.

BAY OF ALGESIRAS, SPAIN, U. S. STEAMSLOOP OF WAR, "KEARSARGE," Sept. 7, 1862.—The officers of this ship have, within the last three days, been electrified by an invention of our first Assistant Engineer, James W. Whittaker, Esq., of Trenton, New Jersey, which totally eclipses anything yet announced on the all-important topic of iron-plated ships.

For obvious reasons, I am not at liberty, at present, to give details of this powerful agent for the destruction of such iron-plated antagonists as the Merrimac and Arkansas.

For its simplicity in design, completeness in construction, and certainty of execution, it cannot be excelled by anything yet invented or advanced. In fact, it is the event of the nineteenth century.

It revolutionises the whole theory of naval warfare, and as long as its use is confined to our own navy, no other power in the world can be successful, no matter how many or what class of iron-clad ships may be brought against us.

It can be applied to any ship in the service at a comparatively nominal expense, and when so applied, even the Monitor or New Ironsides would be, when opposed, as helpless as were the Cumberland and Congress when attacked by the Merrimac.

Our captain, chief engineer, and other officers have examined it, and all concur in pronouncing it a perfect success; and the captain has detached the inventor from the ship and ordered him home with his plans to report in person to the Navy Department. Mr. Whittaker will probably leave on the 10th inst.

Needing no experimental trial, and the time required for its construction, application and readiness for action, not exceeding three weeks' labor in any of our Navy Yards, we must soon hear of its acceptance by the Government and certain proofs of its utility. The navies of the world must disappear before this new and terrible opponent, while through its aid the Union will be restored and the nation take her proper place as director of the affairs of the world.

We shall be very sorry to lose Mr. Whittaker, who is a thorough gentleman and universally liked by all his messmates; but when we consider the immense benefit it will be to the Government to have the immediate use of his invention, we are reconciled to the loss of his society, and sincerely wish him all success in his mission.

We have been lying here for three months watching the Sumter, who is dangerous in spite of her best teeth having been extracted, but we hope soon to be relieved by the Tuscarora, so that we can take a more active part in the war.

THE MOON AND THE WEATHER.—Mr. Park Harrison, from a study of the thermometric observations at Greenwich, finds that there is a tolerably constant increase of temperature from the new moon to the full, and a decrease from the full moon to the first quarter. He also finds that the maximum of rainy or cloudy days corresponds with the first half of the lunar period, and the maximum of fine, clear days with the last half. He explains the fact by the dispersing action of the full moon upon the clouds. This dispersing action is in turn accounted for by Sir John Herschell thus: The heat rays of the moon are almost inappreciable even to the most delicate instruments. Melloni found that the index of an extremely sensitive thermoelectric pile scarcely moved when a moonbeam was concentrated on it by a lens so powerful that a sunbeam thus converged would have burned platinum into vapor. The heat rays sent from the moon, therefore, must be intercepted and absorbed by our atmosphere. Being thus concentrated in the upper strata of the atmosphere, the heat necessarily warms that region, and thus dissipates the clouds and hinders their formation. The full moon will, therefore, clear the sky, and by so doing will lower the temperature of the earth, for clouds act as a blanket to the earth, keeping its heat from radiating into space. The new moon, deprived for some time of the sun's heat, is incapable of exercising a similar influence, and the rainy or cloudy days are, therefore, more frequent during the first half of the lunar period. Leverrier accepts this hypothesis of Herschel, but it has been combatted by other astronomers, and must still be considered *sub judice.*

A BRAVE BOY.—Near Lake Shotek, sixty miles southwest of New Ulm, a family was surprised by Indians, the father killed, and the mother seized as a prisoner, but two children, one twelve years and the other two years of age, were concealed from the savages in a neighboring thicket of grass and weeds. After the alarm the mother thus concealed her children, her last words to the older boy being to "save his little brother, and never leave him."

The Indians disappearing with their captives and plunder, the brave lad, *with his baby brother on his back,* started for the nearest settlement, subsisting on wild fruits and roots, and reaching New Ulm in fourteen days. About half way on this journey of sixty miles he overtook a neighbor named Ireland, who had laid down to die, having been struck by no less than eight bullets, and who insisted that it was hopeless to escape. "But," was the heroic reply of the boy, "my mother's last words were to save my little brother, and I am going to do it." This devoted courage gave new life to Ireland, who struggled forward, and all reached New Ulm without accident. Ireland is now recovering.

On the next day after the arrival at New Ulm the mother of the children was brought in by a scouting party. The Indians, finding her an incumbrance to their retreat, and not being at the moment disposed to kill her, had left the woman on the prairie, and after wandering many days she was re united to her children.—*St. Paul Press.*

FEEDING THE POOR AT NEW ORLEANS.—Since his occupation General Butler has fed, from United States stores in the hands of his quartermasters, some 30,000 poor people daily—rebel and Union, white and black. The people of the North, and the people of New Orleans even, generally suppose that this hospitality has been indulged in at some cost to the government. This is an error. At the end of every month Gen. Butler calls upon the quartermasters for the expenses in feeding the poor. A bill is returned accordingly. Gen. Butler makes out a list of a few rich secessionists, and publishes it in *The Delta,* as follows:

The undersigned persons will call at these headquarters and pay the tax annexed to their names for the support of the poor of the city:

Peter Wilmer, - - - -	$3,000
George A. Toutant, - - -	10,000
R. Jackson, - - - -	5,000

&c. That is all; and instead of costing the nation, there are now $200,000 in the contingent treasury.

☞ We must look downwards as well as upwards in human life. Though many may have passed you in the race, there are many you have left behind.

NEWS ITEMS.

IT is gravely suggested by a correspondent, says the Brooklyn News, that Brigadier-General Frank Spinola will find it necessary to abate some portion of his mammoth shirt collar on going into battle. Otherwise, with such a prominent and immense display of white linen he will certainly be mistaken for a flag of truce.

THE CONSCRIPTION LAW IN THE SOUTH.—The ground taken by the Governor of Georgia against the Conscription Law of the Rebel Congress, is sustained by the Courts of that state. A man who had just been pressed into the rebel army as a conscript, has, under a *habeas corpus,* been released by Judge Thomas of the Superior Court, and the law been by him pronounced unconstitutional. Georgia evidently intends to abide by the doctrine of State Rights, which sent her out of the Union.

A WOMAN was convicted at New Haven, last week, as a "common scold," under an old blue law, which applies only to females.

MISS CUSHMAN, it is said, is about to return from Paris, and enter upon the stage again, having lost most of her fortune.

THE idea that the English are in the habit of sacrificing human victims has spread all over North-west India, has shown in Bombay, and has now broken out in Madras. The daughter of a collector in that presidency was to be married, and the day before the wedding the butler went into the village to buy some necessaries for the breakfast, but found it deserted. A report had gone abroad that twelve fat children were to be sacrificed, and the villagers had fled to the jungle. After a great deal of trouble, the adults of the village were induced to return, but not a single child was visible till the wedding was over.

NUMISMATIC CURIOSITY.—A coin collector, not long since, purchased a French copper coin, which he discovered to be hollow. On applying a knife and using some little force, the two portions separated, and between the two discs was found a carefully wrought receptacle.

In Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," just published, appears a plausible explanation of the seeming mystery attending this hollow *decime.* Burglars and highwaymen were in the habit of preparing these coins in such a manner that a small saw, made from a watch spring, could be concealed in the hollow receptacle. If they were captured this copper money would not be taken from them, and they could open the hollow decime and use the saw in breaking fetters or ropes. No doubt Mr. Haddock's coin is one that has served the purpose described by Victor Hugo.

JAMES R. COCHRANE, of Boston, had been in Missouri several years engaged in teaching. One day a rebel by the name of Andrew Burnett, met him and asked him to swear allegiance to the Confederate Government, and on his refusal threatened to shoot him. "Shoot!" says Cochrane, with patriotic determination, "I shall never acknowledge allegiance to that traitor Government." Burnett drew his pistol and killed him on the spot.

CAPTAIN PRENTICE, son of George D. Prentice, editor of the Louisville Journal, who was wounded at the recent battle at Augusta, Kentucky, died on Tuesday, 30th ultimo, at Cincinnati. At the time of the battle he was acting Lieutenant-Colonel of a rebel regiment, and was taken prisoner after being wounded.

THE INDIANS IN MINNESOTA.—Intelligence has been received in Washington, in official quarters, that the Indians in Minnesota have ceased their hostilities and were surrendering, and that the military authorities were severely punishing the most prominent of the guilty parties. The entire number of warriors does not exceed 1,100.

THE proposal said to be urged at Washington for raising ten thousand cavalry in California, is regarded at San Francisco as impracticable, if they are intended to enter the service before the fall of 1863. They could not start across the plains before April or May, arriving in Missouri in July or August, in a worn-down or half-starved condition. Ten thousand cavalry horses would cost in California twice their value in the Eastern states.

STATE ELECTIONS THIS WEEK.—Several important State elections will be held this week. Pennsylvania voted on Tuesday for Auditor General and Surveyor General, by general ticket, and also for members of Congress and Legislature, besides local officers. Ohio, Indiana and Iowa also held their elections on Tuesday for several State officers (but not Governors) and members of Congress, &c. No Legislature, we believe, is to be chosen in Ohio this fall.

TOOMBS WOUNDED.—The Columbus (Ga.) Sun, of the 1st instant, says:—By a private despatch from Dr. T. A. Raines to a gentleman of this city, we learn that he will leave Richmond on Wednesday with Gen. Toombs, for Georgia, his wound requiring a brief respite from active duty.

THE PRESIDENT AMONG THE REBEL WOUNDED.—A letter to the New York Commercial, speaking of the President's visit to Gen. McClellan's army, says:—

The President's visit was fraught with many interesting incidents. After leaving Gen. Richardson's head-quarters, the President's party proceeded to a barn, which was used as a temporary hospital for rebel wounded. On entering, the sad scenes that follow battle met the eye.

Mr. Lincoln, after looking around, remarked to the rebel wounded, that if they had no objection he would be pleased to take them by the hand. The solemn obligations, said he, which we owe to our country and posterity compel the prosecution of this war; and it follows that many on both sides must become victims, and although they are our enemies through uncontrollable circumstances, he bore them no malice, and could take them by the hand with as much sympathy and good feeling as if they were brothers. After a short silence those of the rebels who could walk came forward, and each of them silently shook hands with the President.

Mr. Lincoln and Gen. McClellan went to the bedside of those who were unable to rise, and cheered them, saying that every care should be bestowed upon them to ameliorate their sufferings. It was a touching scene, and there was not a dry eye among the wounded.

THE OCEAN AND THE FALL OF RAIN.—The Atlantic ocean includes an area of 25,000,000 square miles. Suppose an inch of rain to fall upon only one-fifth of this vast expanse, it would weigh 360,000,000 tons, and the salt which, as water, is held in solution in the sea, and which, when the water was taken up as vapor, was left behind to disturb the equilibrium, weighed 16,000,000 more tons, or nearly twice as much as all the ships in the world could carry at a cargo each. It might fall in a day; but occupy what time it might in falling, this rain is calculated to exert so much force—which is inconceivably great—in disturbing the equilibrium of the ocean. If all the water discharged by the Mississippi river during the year were taken up in one mighty measure, and cast into the ocean at an effort, it would not make a greater disturbance in the equilibrium of the sea than the fall of rain supposed. And yet so gentle are the operations of nature that movements so vast are unperceived!

INDIAN ALLIES.—Of a recent battle on Spring River, in Missouri, the Neosho Register says:—

Major Wright, of the Second Indian Regiment, arrived in camp this morning, just from his regiment on Spring River. From him we learn that a severe battle occurred yesterday, between his regiment and a body of secesh, about fifteen miles West of Carthage. Our forces were taken by surprise early in the morning, but they soon realized their situation, and greeted the enemy with a warm reception. The fight lasted six or seven hours. The rebels were finally repulsed and driven off. Our forces slept on the battle ground last night.

We suffered a loss of eighteen killed and nine wounded—all Indians. The rebel loss is supposed to be sixty killed—thirty known to be. There was one company of Cherokee Indians on the rebel side. The Cherokees on our side fought like tigers. The Osages threw away their guns and went into the fight with their bows and arrows, doing fine execution with them. Several secesh were found dead, with their bodies pierced through with arrows. Bully for arrows!

☞ FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—The *Hotentots* stand heat better than the *Coolies.* One would expect that to be the case.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market is active and firm at an advance of 12½@25c ₱ bbl on the quotations of last week. Sales of 9,000 @10,000 barrels at from $5,12½ to $5,50 for superfine, the latter for better brands; $5,50@6,25 for extras; $6,25 to $6,75 for extra family, and $7 to $7,75 for fancy brands; including 400 bbls Brandywine at $5,50, and about 5,000 bbls City Mills extra and extra family, part private and part at $6@6,25 for the former, and $6,50@6,75 ₱ bbl for the latter, as to brand. The sales to the trade are chiefly within the same range of prices, according to brand and quality, and the receipts and stocks light. Rye Flour is scarce and wanted at $4 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is rather more inquired for, with sales of 1,100 bbls Brandywine at $3,70, and 500 bbls Pennsylvania meal at $3,13½ ₱ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and Wheat meets with ready sale, the market closing at an advance of 2@3c ₱ bus; sales include about 55,000 bus at $1,32@1,33 for common to good and prime Western and Pennsylvania reds in store; $1,34 to $1,40 for Pennsylvania do afloat, and $1,38 to $1,40 for Southern; white ranges at from $1,40 to $1,50 for inferior to choice lots, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is better and very scarce at 68@72 for new, and 73@75c for old, the latter for Pennsylvania. Corn is unchanged, and about 25,000 bus yellow sold at 60@63c for inferior, 70c for good and prime lots in store and afloat. Oats come in slowly, and command full prices, with sales of 30,000 bus to note at 41@43c for Southern and Pennsylvania, in store and afloat, the latter for prime. Barley and Malt are wanted, but there is little or none offering, and sales of 3,000 bus of the latter of inferior quality are reported at terms kept private.

PROVISIONS—Holders of the hog product are firm in their views, but there is very little selling, and Mess Pork is quoted at $12@12,50, and rather scarce. Mess Beef is dull at $12@15 ₱ bbl for Western and city packed. Bacon moves off slowly at 9@12¾c for common and fancy Ham; 5¾@6c for Shoulders, and 5¼@6¼c for Sides. Green Meats are dull, and prices nominally unchanged, with sales of Shoulders at 4¾@5c, and Hams in salt at 7¼@8c. Lard is scarce, with further sales of 600 bbls and tes at 9¾@9¾c, and kegs at 10c. Butter meets with a steady demand at 10@13c for packed; 15@18c for choice do, and 13@16c for Roll. Cheese is firm at 9@10c ₱ lb. Eggs sell at 14@15c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market is quiet, with very light offerings and sales, and only some 350 bales have been disposed of at previous rates, ranging from 53 to 58c—chiefly at about 56c cash for middlings.

ASHES continue firm, at the advance, with a small business to note in Pots and Pearls.

BARK has further advanced, with sales of 100 hhds Quercitron, all offered, at $33 for 1st No 1, at which rate it is in steady demand and the receipts very light. Tanner's Bark continues as last quoted. Chestnut selling at $12@13, and Spanish Oak at $14 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX had advanced, and Yellow is worth 38@40c ₱ lb.

COAL—The high views of holders and the scarcity of suitable vessels limits operations, and the market is very firm but less active this week. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton, $5,25; Prepared do $5,25; Red Ash do $5,50; Lehigh Lump do $5,75; Prepared do $5,75; by retail do $6@6,50. Schuylkill Prepared do, $5,75@6,00.

COFFEE—Prices are ½@1c better, more activity in the demand, and a very reduced stock to operate in. Sales comprise about 4000 bags, chiefly from first hands, including Rio at 21½@24½c; Laguayra at 22½@23c, and Triage at 18@20c, cash and 4 mos.

COPPER has advanced, but there is very little doing in Sheathing. Yellow Metal is firmly held at 28c for sheets, and 26c ₱ lb for bolts, usual credit.

FEATHERS move off slowly at 37@43c ₱ lb, as to quality.

FRUIT—The receipts of Peaches have fallen off, and the sales are nearly over, prices ranging at from 50c to $1,50 ₱ basket. Apples are abundant, and sell at $2@3 ₱ bbl, as to quality.

HAY is in steady demand and taken at 65@85c the 100 lbs, the latter for good Timothy.

HEMP—The market is quiet but firm, and a limited business to note.

HOPS move off as wanted, and command 15@18c ₱ lb.

IRON—There is more inquiry for Pig Metal and prices are fully sustained and firm, with sales of some five thousand tons Anthracite, mostly at $21@22, cash, for forge, including 1200 tons No 1 at $24, cash, and $25, 4 mos, and No 3 at $23@24, cash and time. In manufactured iron there is an active business doing, at fully former rates.

LEAD continues firm and on the advance, with a very light stock here to operate in.

LUMBER—White and Yellow Pine Boards are selling at $14@16 for the former, and $15@16 ₱ M for the latter. Laths and Pickets are dull and neglected.

MOLASSES is firm, with a very light stock on sale, and a few small lots only have been disposed of at full rates, including Cuba at 25@35c, and St. Croix at 43c, on time.

PLASTER comes in slowly, and soft is in good request at $3 ₱ ton.

RICE—The stock is light, and the market rather better, East India selling at 6¼@7c ₱ lb, including 400 bags Rangoon, mostly at the former rate.

SEEDS—Cloverseed comes in slowly and meets with ready sale, about 500 bbls having been disposed of at 5@5,12½ ₱ bus, mostly at the former rate. Timothy is arriving more freely and buyers are holding off, prices range at $1,87½@2,12½ ₱ bus. Flaxseed is wanted, and domestic is better, selling at $1,95@2,05 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are held for higher prices, with very little doing in the way of sales. N E Rum sells slowly at 47@50c. Whiskey is better, bbls are selling more freely at 34½@35¾c, hhds 34c, and drudge at 33c.

SUGARS are firm but quiet, with light receipts and stocks, and only about 500 hhds found buyers at from 8¾ to 11¼c for Cuba and New Orleans, cash and time, including 131 hhds of the latter sold by auction within this range.

SUMAC has advanced. About 300 bags Sicily sold in lots at from $80 to 95 ₱ ton as to brand.

TALLOW is better, country selling at 10c and city at 10¼@10½c. A sale of Butchers' Association was made last week at 11c ₱ lb, at which rate it is wanted.

TOBACCO is firm and advancing, the want of stock of manufactured especially checking business.

WOOL—The market is more active, but prices are unsettled and lower, with sales of 300,000 lbs to note at irregular rates, mostly at 55@68c for coarse, including fine at 60@62½c net, cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 8¼ cents ₱ lb. 100 Cows brought from $20 to 36 ₱ head. 6000 Sheep were sold at from $2,50 to 3,25 ₱ head. 630 Hogs sold at $5,00 to 6,00 ₱ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN. P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Near Crosswicks, N. J., on the 8th instant, by Friends' ceremony, SAMUEL MAROT, of Philada., to HARRIET, daughter of Wm. H. Ellis, of Burlington county, N. J.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. JOSEPH HIGBY, to Miss CATHARINE E. MILCAH.

On the 5th ultimo, by the Rev. W. O. Johnstone, Mr. WILLIAM LILLIE, to Miss MARGARET DEVLIN.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. ALFRED WEST, to Miss EMMA E. PRAY, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. GEORGE W. PRICE, to Miss LIZZIE JENNINGS, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, D. D., Dr. JOHN M. DALLAM, to Miss SUE C. MARLL.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. R. Jeffrey, JAMES C. YOUNG, to SOPHIA CROMWELL, both of this city.

On the 1st of April, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. CHARLES W. PURSGLOVE, to Miss MARY E. HAMILTON, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. PHILIP KEIPS, to Miss MAGGIE C. FORTNER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8d instant, ELIZABETH WHITESIDE, wife of John Whiteside, in her 75th year.

On the 3d instant, JOSEPH D. WILLIAMSON, in his 43d year.

On the 6th instant, of wounds received in the battle near Shepherdstown, GEORGE M. D. BISBING, Co. G, Corn Exchange (118th) regiment P. V. in his 18th year.

On the 5th instant, JAMES PAUL, in his 65th year.

On the 5th instant, SARAH JOBSON, widow of the late Jonas Jobson, in her 78th year.

On the 5th instant, MRS. MARY EBNER, wife of Jacob Ebner, in her 56th year.

On the 6th instant, from wounds received at the battle of Antietam, EDWARD H. COGGINS, Co. P, 38th regiment P. V.

On the 5th instant, MARGARET ROBINSON, relict of the late John Robinson, in her 75th year.

On the 6th instant, MRS. ELIZABETH, wife of Geo. Chambers, in her 50th year.

On the 6th instant, SARAH SYNER, in her 96th year.

On the 3d instant, Mr. LEONARD CHESTER, in his 63d year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, October 11, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	3 dis.
Canada	¼ par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	¾ dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	¼ dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	3 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	¾ to 5 dis.	NovaScotia	16 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	¼ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ¼ dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	40 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	2 to 3 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	1¼ dis.	Virginia	45 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 dis.
Mississippi	—		

B. FRANK PALMER,

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philad'a.—1609.

THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "Palmer Limbs" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations,* and full information for *persons in want of limbs,* sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address

B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oc16-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Phila.

"AMERICAN SCHOOL INSTITUTE" ESTABLISHED IN 1855. A BUREAU OF EDUCATIONAL INFORMATION,

For those who seek well qualified teachers;
For teachers who desire positions;
For giving parents information of good Schools;
For selling and renting School properties.

Wanted—Experienced Teachers of FRENCH, MUSIC and DRAWING.

☞ Circulars, giving details, sent when applied for with stamp.

G. S. WOODMAN & COMPANY,
590 Broadway, New York.
BRANCH OFFICE—25 North Fourth St., Philadelphia.
aug16-tf

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c.; supplying at the same time the means of Self Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, *single copies* may be had of the author,

NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq.,
sp19-tf Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y.

GOLD! GOLD!—Full instructions in Ventriloquism and how to win the undying love of the opposite sex, sent by mail to any person for 5 cts. Address J. F. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Illinois.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE, Magnifying 500 times, for 25 cents (in silver); 5 of different powers for $1. Mailed free.

Address F. P. BOWEN,
oct4-4t Box 220 Boston, Mass.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

600,000 MALE OR FEMALE AGENTS, TO SELL LLOYD'S NEW STEEL PLATE COUNTY COLORED MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADAS, AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

From recent surveys; completed August 16, 1862; cost $20,000 to engrave it and one year's time.

Superior to any $10 Map ever made by Colton or Mitchell, and sells at the low price of fifty cents; 370,000 names are engraved on this Map.

It is not only a County Map, but it is also a COUNTY AND RAILROAD MAP of the United States and Canadas combined in one, giving EVERY RAILROAD STATION and distances between.

Guarantee any woman or man $3 to $5 per day, and will take back all Maps that cannot be sold, and refund the money.

Send for one dollar's worth to try.

Printed Instructions how to canvass well, furnished all our agents.

Wanted—Wholesale Agents for our Maps in every State, California, Canada, England, France and Cuba. A fortune may be made with a few hundred dollars capital. *No competition.*

J. T. LLOYD, 164 Broadway, New York.

The War Department uses our Map of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, cost $100,000, on which is marked Antietam Creek, Sharpsburg, Maryland Heights, Williamsport Ferry, Rhoersville, Noland's Ford, and all others on the Potomac, and every other place in Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania, or money refunded.

LLOYD'S TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF KENTUCKY, OHIO, INDIANA, and ILLINOIS,

is the only authority for Gen. Buell and the War Department. Money refunded to any one finding an error in it. Price 50 cents.

From the Tribune, Aug. 2.

"LLOYD'S MAP OF VIRGINIA, MARYLAND, AND PENNSYLVANIA.—This Map is very large; its cost is but 25 cents, and *it is the best which can be purchased.*"

LLOYD'S GREAT MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER—From Actual Surveys by Capts. Bart and Wm. Bowen, Mississippi River Pilots, of St. Louis, Mo., shows every man's plantation and owner's name from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico—1,350 miles—every sand-bar, island, town, landing, and all places 20 miles back from the river—colored in Counties and States. Price $1, in sheets; $2, pocket form, and $2,50 on linen, with rollers. Ready Sept. 20.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
Washington, Sept. 17, 1862.

J. T. LLOYD—*Sir:* Send me your Map of the Mississippi River, with price per hundred copies. Rear-Admiral Charles H. Davis, commanding the Mississippi squadron, is authorized to purchase as many as are required for the use of that squadron. GIDEON WELLES,
oc11-3t Secretary of the Navy.

WITHERS & PETERSON
39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.
STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
sp 26-1y

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.

DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT has been for thirty years the standard remedy.

RECENT COUGHS, and COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, etc., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and expectorant power.

ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.

BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the cough and pain.

CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation, relieves the cough and pain, and removes the difficulty of breathing, and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.

WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the diseases one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.

In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, etc., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable.

This Expectorant is prepared only at 242 CHESTNUT Street, and for sale by Druggists generally. mar 22-tf

PAIN, GRAVITY, MAGNETISM.

These are no times for anything but facts. And at length a fact is known in medicine; it is this—that pain is relieved and disease cured by

PURGATION WITH BRANDRETH'S PILLS

This is as much a fact in medicine as that the magnet is a fact in navigation, or that gravity is a fact in astronomy, or that light is but heat rarified, but which a piece of glass can condense into heat again.

But the great fact of the present day is that

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

invariably open the bowels, and that all the humors which cause pain are controlled by natural affinity by this

GREAT MEDICINE.

IMPORTANT TO THOSE LIVING IN FEVER AND AGUE DISTRICTS.

Mr. John Pudney, Springfield, Union Co., New Jersey, has used BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS for fifteen years in his family, and for all his hands: in which time these Pills have cured them of Bilious affections, Headache, Rheumatism, Fever and Ague, Measles, Whooping Cough, and in fact all the diseases to which a large family is occasionally subject. He says he has never known them to fail, and will be pleased to give his testimony at all times in favor of Brandreth's Pills.

[Signed] JOHN PUDNEY, Springfield, Union Co., N. J.

BRAN

Wit and Humor.

DODGING.

[The following "dodge" on "Going out of Church" we find in an exchange, without any credit:—]

I see them rushing out
In wild tumultuous rout,
And I ask what it's about,
Of one near:
Is the dinner hour nigh,
Or a constable near by,
That thus they wildly fly
Out of here?

Then he answers with a grin,
And he looks as sly as sin,
As he points his thumb within—
"'Tisn't that:
But the minister has said
That money's to be paid,
And the people, sore afraid,
Dodge the hat."

THAT'S THE CHEESE.

"That's the cheese!" Almost everybody has heard this London cockney expression, which simply implies—"That is the very thing, the *ne plus ultra* of what we want." The original of the saying is said to be as follows, and as in these war times our forces may sometimes get out of ammunition, it may be well to apprise commanding officers how they may obtain potent substitutes from the commissary's stores.

The incident narrated occurred in an engagement with Admiral Browne, of Buenos Ayres service:—

"What shall we do, sir?" asked the first Lieutenant; "we've not a single shot about—round, grape, canister, double-headed—all are gone."

"Powder gone?" asked Coe.

"No, sir; got lots of that left."

"We had a d——d hard cheese—a round Dutch one—for dessert at dinner to-day; do you remember it?" asked Coe.

"I ought to; I broke the carving-knife in trying to cut it, sir."

"Are there any more aboard?"

"About six dozen; we took 'em from a drogher."

"Will they go into the eighteen pounders?"

"By thunder, Commodore! but that's the idea. I'll try 'em," cried the first luff.

And in a few minutes after, the fire of the old Santa Maria, (Coe's ship,) which had ceased entirely, was re-opened, and Admiral Brown found more shot flying over his head. Directly one of them struck his mainmast, and as it did so shattered and flew in every direction.

"What the thunder is that they are firing?" asked Browne.

But nobody could tell.

Directly another one came through a port and killed two men who stood near him, then striking the opposite bulwark, burst into flinders.

"By Jove! this is too much—this is some new fangled Paixhan or other; I don't like 'em at all!" cried Browne; and then, as four or five more of them came slap through his sails, he gave the order to "fill away!" and actually backed out of the fight, receiving a parting broadside of iron-hard Dutch cheese as she retired.

That *was* the "cheese, and *no* mistake!"

A QUEER CHICKEN.—The following chicken story we are scarcely willing to credit:—"A farmer out West was greatly annoyed by the scratching of the chickens in his garden, and concluded to experiment a little with them. He procured a Shanghai rooster, and the result of the cross was a brood of chickens with one long and one short leg. When they stood on the long leg and attempted to scratch with the other they couldn't touch bottom; on reversing the order of things, as digging with the long leg while the short one supported the body, the first stroke would result in a grand series of somersaults. The consequence was that the hens soon became 'a-weary' of the fun, and left the garden, and the farmer's good wife rejoiced greatly thereat."

A CUTE DARKEY.—"Bob," now called Belmont Bob, is the body servant of General Clernard, and at the battle of Belmont it is said of him that when the retreat commenced he started for the boats. Reaching the banks, he dismounted and slid rapidly down, when an officer seeing the action, calld out—

"Stop, you rascal, and bring along the horse."

Merely looking up as he waded to the plank through the mud, the darkey replied—

"Cant 'bey, Colonel; Major told me to save the most valuable property, and dis nigger's worf more'n a horse."

DISADVANTAGES OF GAS.—The Kullaborg lighthouse is still lighted with oil, though gas has been introduced into most seaport towns, much to the disgust of the watchmen. An official, summoned before the commissioners, was asked his opinion of the new invention. "How does it answer?" said they. "Answer!" grumbled the man, "very badly." "Badly? but surely the light is excellent." "Oh, as far as the light goes, there's no harm in that, but your gas will never grease my boots and keep them water-tight, as the oil did."

A SHARP REBUKE.—The following is reported as a fact:—A Louisville Union lady, a few days ago, called upon a secesh friend, and felt compelled to listen to her tirade. On rising to leave she noticed and praised a portrait of General George Washington, whereupon the she rebel remarked, "I intend to get fine portraits of Jeff. Davis and Beauregard, and hang one each side of that." "Do," said Union; "we read in the Bible that our Saviour was hung between two thieves."

A RICH JOKE.

Not long since a lot of us—I am a "high private" now—were quartered in several wooden tenements, and in the inner room of one lay the *corpus* of a young secesh officer, awaiting burial. The news soon spread to a village not far off. Down came tearing a sentimental and not bad-looking specimen of a Virginny dame.

"Let me kiss him for his mother!" she cried, as I interrupted her progress. "Do let me kiss him for his mother!"

"Kiss whom?"

"The dear little lieutenant; the one who lies dead within. Pint him out to me, sir, if you please. I never saw him, but—oh!"

I led her through a room in which Lieutenant ——, of Philadelphia, lay stretched out on an upturned trough, fast asleep. Supposing him to be the "article" sought for, she rushed up, and exclaiming, "Let me kiss him for his mother," approached her lips to his forehead. What was her amazement when the "corpse," ardently clasping its arms around her, returned the salute vigorously, and exclaimed—

"Never mind the old lady, Miss; go it on your own account. I havn't the slightest objection!"

Sentiment is a fine thing, Mr. Editor, but it should be handled as one handles the spiked guns which the rebels leave behind, loaded with percussion caps—very carefully. —*Continental Monthly.*

NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM.

The following occurred at the fall term of Common Pleas Court, in H—— County, Ohio:—

J. R——, of S——, was attorney for defendant in a civil action wherein the terms of a parole contract were in question; and in testing the memory of a witness in the cross-examination, the following conversation took place:—

J. R.—"You said that Williams, Nevin, and Stockwell were in my office at a certain time when the terms of the contract were mentioned. Now, how do you know it was them? How do you know but that it was some other persons? And how do you recollect of their being present at that particular time?"

Witness.—"Because when they went out of the office you said, 'There goes a set of *scalawags*;' and I recollect the circumstance from the fact that it was the first time I ever heard that term used by any one."

J. R.—"You said that lawyers Winslow, Patrick and Sutton were present on another occasion. How did you know they were lawyers? how do you know but what they were scalawags?"

Witness.—"Well, I admit I did not then, nor do I now know the difference."

J. R.—"You can go."

JERROLD'S WIT.—On one occasion it consisted of but a monosyllable. It was at a dinner of artists that a barrister present, having his health drunk in connection with the law, began an embarrassed answer by saying that he did not see how the law could be considered as one of the arts; when Jerrold jerked in the word "black," and threw the company into convulsions.

HOME INTERCOURSE.

The difficulties in our home intercourse spring very much from our ignorance of each other. The members of a household should, therefore, become acquainted with each other. This is not the unmeaning phrase it may at first seem. It is not an uncommon thing to find those living together intensely ignorant of each other. Whole families grow up in daily intercourse with each other, yet each as ignorant of each as if a hemisphere divided them. Have you never had a young person come to you and say:—"I love to talk with you; somehow or other I cannot say these things to father or mother, but you understand me?" Is there not a deal of this alienation between the members of a household—this lack of home sympathy, which sends the craving spirit abroad to utter confidences which ought to be home confidences? It seems to be taken for granted by parents, and brothers and sisters, that from the fact of sharing the same blood and dwelling under the same roof, they must be acquainted with each other. They think it necessary to study the character of other men, in order to get along with them; but they suppose the home requires nothing of this. Now, the home is a miniature world. Within its four walls are brought together the widest contrasts in endowment and attainment. There is every possible diversity in a family in the degrees of affection. The love of a brother for a sister is very unlike that of the sister for the brother; that of the child for the mother is very unlike his love for the father. Then there are diversities in character. The mature wisdom of the father differs from the tender affection of the mother. And among the children one is brave, another timid; one is enthusiastic, another doubting; one is thoughtful, another reckless; one overflows with humor, another is sedate. These and a thousand other differences appearing in one family are not incidents, but essential to the idea of a family. In a family you meet every variety of human character—the highest possible range of virtue, the strongest possible incentive to excellence brought into contrast and contact with almost all modes and causes of human disagreement, and these not by any perversion, but by a necessity, of which we need to be at all times aware. The family of but one sex or one pursuit, with no diversity of temper and disposition, is not a family.

In the home intercourse, it should be remembered that each one has his place and his part. A happy and a pleasant home is an impossibility where any one slights his duty. Home is not a place where you are to indulge your own fancies, or to be entertained by the rest. You have no right to sit down, listless and dull, and say, "Come, amuse me, and see how pleasant you can make home." You have no right to complain that home is ungenial, till you are sure you have tried your best to make it genial. The men who complain of homes are mostly those men whose dignity is offended at the bare suggestion that they have something to do towards making it pleasant. Home is not a mere place of entertainment, a sort of tavern, and he who turns to it for entertainment merely deserves to be disappointed. Hast thou nothing to do, oh, man! but to throw thyself upon a sofa, or monopolize the easiest chair, and, holding back all thine own information, demand that wife and children amuse thee? Or wilt thou go moodily out to club or to business, declaring that thou wilt not stay where so little is done for thee? And shall the young man say, "My sisters do nothing to make home pleasant to me," when he has done nothing to make home pleasant to them? I do not think the different members of a home realize how much the pleasant, profitable intercourse of home depends on each; or how hard it is, when one and another hang back, for the rest to supply the deficiency.

ENFANT TERRIBLE.—"Are you tumnin to our party to-night, Mr. Borus Hall?"

MAMMA (with ill-concealed anguish, and most unmaternal feelings towards the Infant.)—"Oh! yes, by-the-bye; I—a—really quite forgot! Will you come and spend the evening with us, if you are not—a—better engaged?"

[Of course the wretch is "only too delighted," and would "throw over *any* engagement."]

WHIG AND TORY.—The signification of these terms, used to designate the opposite political parties, is too well known to need description. Respecting their origin there is some difference of opinion. In the reign of Charles II. they carried the same political meaning which they have retained to this day. Thus, in Dryden's epilogue to the Duke of Guise, written in 1682, he says:—

"Neuters, in their middle way of steering,
Are neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring;
Nor *Whigs*, nor *Tories* they; nor this, nor that;
Nor birds, nor beasts, but just a kind of bat;
A twilight animal, true to neither cause,
With *Tory* wings, and *Whiggish* teeth and claws.

It is said the word Whig was given to the Liberal party in England by the Royalists in Cromwell's time, from the initials of their motto, "We hope in God," Mr. Barrow, the author of the "Bible in Spain," suggests that the word Tory might be traced to the Irish Royalists in the time of Charles II., whose cry, Tar-a-Ri, pronounced as Tory, and meaning Come, oh, King, was so commonly used as to give rise to their being distinguished by the name.

WELSH NAMES.—"Talking of names, I was once bewildered, when travelling in Wales, by one of their customs.

"'Thank you, my friend,' I said to a man, who had been very civil. 'Pray, what is your name?'

"'Evan Owen, sir,' he said, speaking very rapidly.

"'What name did you say, my good man?'

"'Owen Evan, sir,' throwing the words out with a jerk.

"'That's not what you said before, my man. Pray, what is it?'

"Evan Owen—Owen Evan, sir.'

"'Ah! I see,' said a gentleman standing by. 'You don't understand my Welsh friend; his name is Evan Owen or Owen Evan, which you like. The Christian name becomes the surname, and the surname performs the duty of the Christian name; the worthy man is therefore known among us men of the mountains by either appellation.'"

Agricultural.

WASHING SHEEP—OIL IN THE FLEECE.

At the late Wool-Growers' Convention held at Rutland, Vt., the subject of washing sheep was discussed, when the following remarks were made, as reported, by the well-known sheep-breeder, George Campbell, of West Westminster, Vt.:—

"He said he thought much of the oil in sheep was made by feeding; that he could by that means make the same sheep show more or less oil. He is sure that those that run most to oil are of a weaker constitution than others. He had travelled much in this country and in Europe in pursuit of knowledge about sheep, and is satisfied that Vermont has the best stock in the world, better than Spain. He has tried all sorts, and settled upon the Spanish Merino as the most profitable breed for wool; and he is also satisfied that it is not profitable to wash sheep, because by not doing it he can shear early, say about May 1st, and protect the sheep a few days, and they are not injured, and he thus saves wool. When he used to wash and turn them out to pasture, much wool was lost upon briars and bushes. He is sure that, one year with another, his clip sells for more money unwashed than it would washed, and he saves the labor and health of his sheep. The wool clipped early looks better, and often is better, than washed wool. Some buyers think that heavy fleeces must be dirty; and to avoid this objection he has divided and tied up two to a sheep, and then sold without any objection. It is now ten years since he has practised washing sheep."

BURYING GRAPES IN THE GROUND.

Some time since we alluded to a statement made in the Germantown Telegraph, of a gentleman, who, on the 28th of last March, was presented with some bunches of Isabella and Catawba grapes that were as full and plump as if just taken from the vines. The gentleman referred to was Samuel Miller, the well-known grape man of Lebanon, Penna. The following is his account of the manner in which they were preserved:—

"In the fall when the grapes are perfectly ripe, they are taken from the vines, when they are free from anything like moisture, handled carefully and packed in small kegs—nail kegs were the kind used in this instance. Put a layer of green leaves, right off the vines, in the bottom, on this a layer of grapes, then leaves again, and grapes, alternately, until the keg is full, then finish off with leaves. Put in the head, and your cask is ready for—what? Why, *to be buried in the ground!* Dig a trench so as to admit the casks deep enough that they will have about one foot or fifteen inches of soil over them when covered. The ground should be packed moderately tight, and a board laid along on the top before the ground is thrown in. Then throw some litter on the surface of the ground over those which you wish to take up during the winter, to prevent the ground from freezing so hard as to keep you from getting at them. One important thing must be observed, that they be placed where they can be no standing water about the casks, or they will suffer."

It is thought that other fruit may be kept in the same way.

DIRECTIONS FOR CIDER-MAKING.

Report of Committee on Apples and their Management, at an Eastern Fair:—

"Good cider cannot be made from inferior, or decayed, or worm-eaten fruit. The apples should be ripe and mellow before they are ground out in the mill. They should be mixed, sour and sweet, in about equal proportions when carried to the apple heap. After the fruit is ground in the mill the pomace should stand in the vat a day or two, being frequently stirred with a wooden shovel. Being thus brought into contact with the air, the cider will have a fine rich color, and a better flavor, acquired by the digestion of the apple-skins, which contain a fragrant oil, and by chemical changes wrought in the cider proper by atmospheric influences.

"The cider should be stored in well-cleaned barrels or casks, and put into a dry, cool cellar. After fermentation has quite ceased, the barrels or casks should be hermetically closed. No foreign substance should ever be added to cider with the idea that it can be improved or made better thereby. Those who wish to poison their cider by chemicals, will bear in mind that when they do so their cider becomes a *medical tincture*, unfit for a beverage, or to use in any way unless prescribed by a physician. Cider will keep fit for use much longer if bottled soon after the vinous fermentation has ceased."

WEIGHT OF CATTLE BY MEASUREMENT.—The Irish Farmers' Gazette gives the following as an approximate rule for obtaining by measurement the dead weight of cattle: "Take the girth in inches behind the fore-arm, square it, by multiplying it by itself; multiply that product by the length, take in inches, from the top of the shoulder to a line perpendicular to the buttocks; multiply that product by the decimal 07953, and divide it by 576, which reduces it to stones of 14 lbs. each, 8 of which make 1 cwt.

EVERGREEN TREES.

Evergreens are always in leaf, and it is, therefore, important in planting to secure a quick action of the roots, in order to sustain the foliage. Early in the spring the ground is cold and wet, and the roots cannot take hold; and therefore sharp, drying winds are very likely to exhaust the tree of all its juices before a new supply can be furnished. Late fall planting is still worse—for the roots remain dormant a much longer time, and evaporation from the leaves is going on to some extent throughout the winter. In May and June the ground becomes warm—and, consequently, the time is favorable for removal.

But the conditions are even more favorable in August and September. At this season the ground is thoroughly warmed through, and as the nights begin to be cool and dewy, the earth gives, as it were, a gentle bottom heat. It is surprising to find with what readiness and vigor the roots now act—often showing signs of growth within three days after planting. There is this additional advantage over May, that the tree has made all its growth for the season, and early matured its wood, so that it is not in need of such a full flow of sap as when the young growth is starting, or is succulent, and the plant has need of all its energies. During the autumn months, the earth being warmer than the atmosphere, while the wood is simply maturing, not growing, the roots on the contrary are in vigorous action, and will insure sufficient strength to resist the succeeding winter, and also the best possible condition for subsequent growth.—*New England Farmer.*

ILLINOIS COTTON.

We have seen a sample of cotton grown in Illinois, about fifteen miles north of the Terre Haute and Alton railroad, from seed procured in Tennessee, and planted last May. It is of fine quality, equal to the best Tennessee, and we are told that the yield of a patch of five acres will amount to fifteen hundred pounds. At the present prices this will be a very profitable crop, much more so than wheat or corn. There are in Illinois more than two million acres of superior cotton land, situated south of the place where this sample was grown, and from the experiments in its culture made this year, in almost every instance satisfactory, we are led to believe that cotton is to become a staple article of the produce of Illinois. One planter alone is preparing his ground with the view to planting twelve hundred acres, and many others will engage in the business more or less extensively.—*New York Post.*

Useful Receipts.

TO DRY SWEET APPLES.—Bake as for the table, then dry in a brick oven. They may be soaked, heated, water dried away, and restored very nearly to the condition of a fresh baked apple. Stewed in more syrup they make a much richer sauce than the common dried apples.

BAKED QUINCES.—This fruit may be baked like apples, adding syrup or sugar and water, while baking. Certainly every one who likes a sour baked apple will relish a baked quince. They are very good simply baked and eaten with powdered sugar.

SWEET PICKLED QUINCES.—The most common use of quinces is as sweet preserves. They also answer a good purpose when sliced up and mixed in small quantities with apple sauce, giving the whole a pleasant, aromatic flavor. They make a good pickle also. Boil in vinegar with sugar, and add cloves, cinnamon, etc., to suit the taste. The best way is to pare and quarter them, and cut out the cores. Boil 10 pounds of fruit, adding 5 pounds of sugar and about 4 pints of vinegar, one ounce of stick cinnamon, and 1½ ounce of cloves. When well boiled put in a jar and pour over the syrup.

SYRUP OF LEMONS.—Clarify three pounds of lump sugar, then pour into the syrup, while at weak candy height and boiling, the juice of eighteen good lemons and the peel of three, grated. Let it boil together for three minutes, strain it through a lawn sieve and bottle it. When cold cork it down tight, to keep for use. This syrup is ready for lemonade, punch, ices, jellies, etc., without further trouble.

SHELLING AND PARING.—It is said that in shelling beans, if scalded water is poured upon the pods, the beans will slip very easily from the pod. So also it is said that by pouring scalding water on apples the skins may be easily slipped off, and much labor saved.

STOVE CEMENT.—The American Agriculturist says:—A very good cement for stopping cracks in stoves or pipes is said to be made by mixing iron filings, white lead and linseed oil together, to the consistence of putty. Leave for a day or two before heating.

LIMES.—Green limes are found in our stores but for about six weeks in the middle of summer. Purchase them by the 100; put them in salt and water strong enough to bear an egg (closely covered) till the warm weather is over. Make an incision, take out all the seeds, and put them in cold water 24 hours, changing the water several times; then boil them in soda water till tender enough to put a straw through—say 1 teaspoonful soda to 6 quarts water. Put them again in cold water for 24 hours, changing the water several times. To each pound limes 2½ pounds white sugar and 3 pints water. Boil the syrup 15 minutes, then put in the limes; boil them 5 minutes. They are then clear. Let syrup boil ½ hour, and they are all done—100 limes make about 2 pounds weight. These are delicious, and will keep always.

☞ "Sir," said one of the Barbary-Shore tars to a crusty old captain: "Did you ever know coffee to hurt any one?" "Yes, you fool you," was the response, "I knew a bag full to fall on a man's head once and kill him."

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 9, 7, 15, 16, is a river in Prussia.
My 3, 15, 7, 5, 6, is a county in Missouri.
My 8, 9, 10, 16, 9, 15, is a county in Ohio.
My 9, 4, 2, 9, is one of the Western States.
My 12, 15, 14, 13, 5, is a city in Italy.
My 17, 5, 10, 3, 15, 17, is a county in North Carolina.
My 1, 4, 2, 10, 15, is a river in Germany.

My whole is the name of a great American General, who fell under the walls of Quebec.

M. F. RINEHART.

Cottage Home, Frederick Co., Md.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in Adam, but not in Eve.
My 2nd is in woof, but not in weave.
My 3rd is in cool, but not in hot.
My 4th is in rifle, but not in shot.
My 5th is in cat, but not in dog.
My 6th is in bark, but not in log.
My 7th is in nun, but not in friar.
My 8th is in harp, but not in lyre.
My 9th is in grass, but not in hay.
My 10th is in week, but not in day.
My 11th is in Queen, but not in King.
My 12th is in song, but not in sing.
My 13th is in heirs, but not in air.
My 14th is in bears, but not in bare.
My 15th is in tear, but not in rend.
My 16th is in give, but not in lend.
My 17th is in no, but not in yes.
My 18th is in know, but not in guess.
My 19th is in sell, but not in buy.
My 20th is in truth, but not in lie.
My 21st is in rich, but not in poor.
My 22nd is in land, but not in moor.
My 23rd is in flat, but not in round.
My 24th is in show, but not in sound.
My 25th is in ice, but not in snow.
My 26th is in will, but not in show.
My 27th is in pen, but not in ink.
My 28th is in blue, but not in pink.
My 29th is in buzz, but not in purr.
My 30th is in lady, but not in sir.
My 31st is in sweet, but not in sour.
My 32nd is in day, but not in hour.
My 33rd is in went, but not in go.
My 34th is in strike, but not in blow.
My 35th is in shun, but not in dread.
My 36th is in hear, but not in said.
My 37th is in warm, but not in cold.
My 38th is in laugh, but not in scold.
My 39th is in near, but not in far.
My 40th is in stain but not in mar.
My 41st is in poet, but not in swain.
My 42nd is in rain, but not in reign.
My 43d is in noon, but not in eve.
My 44th is in spin, but not in weave.
My 45th is in won, but not in one.
My 46th is in bread, but not in bunn.
My 47th is in truth, but not in lies.

My whole is a maxim, true and wise.

Frompton, Pa. VICKIE SPENCER.

☞ An answer is requested.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is the name of a fowl.
My 2nd is a vowel.
My 3rd is used by carpenters.
My whole is the name of a people.

H. H.

CHARADE.

My 1st all living slumberers do.
My 2nd is tenanted by all farmers.
My whole is a flourishing town in England.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain family consisted of a father and his wife and one child, a hopeful lad, named Peter, who already could well work Algebra and Double Position. The father told him one day: I, your mother and you are all born on the same day and month of the year, only, as you know, all three in different years; and, therefore, it happens that this day my own age is one year more than that of yours added to twice that of your mother's;—that your mother's age is five years more than that of yours and the one-fourth of my own age added;—and that your own age is one-fifth of a year less than the one-fifth of your mother's age, subtracted from one-fifth of my own age. Now if you can cipher out my own, your mother's and your own ages, and tell me each correctly, I will buy the best work on Algebra for you the next time I get into town.

If you had been in Peter's place could you have earned that new Algebra?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two sides of a plane triangle measure 40 and 50 perches respectively. Required—the third side, when the inscribed square, standing on that side, is a maximum?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a drum like the human heart? Ans.—Because it was made to beat.

☞ Why is a lady who has bought a sable cape at half price, like an officer absent on leave? Ans.—Because she's got her fur low.

☞ Why is a kiss like a rumor? Ans.—Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

☞ What is more likely to become a woman than any description of dress? Ans.—A little girl.

☞ Why is a surgeon operating on a tumor, like a Broadway dandy? Ans.—Because he is cutting a swell.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—The Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, at Philadelphia. ENIGMA.—The defeat of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, October nineteenth, seventeen hundred and eighty-one. BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—"I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley." ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—3, 4, 5 and 8.